Week ending October 31 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

LEWIS COTLOW'S vivid account of his adventures among the most savage people in the world

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

GILBERT HARDING'S frank story of his life

C. S. FORESTER'S rousing Hornblower novel

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TAKE

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TONIGHT

Many minor ailments — lassitude, stomach upsets, sick headaches and liverishness — are caused by impurities in a sluggish system. Beecham's Pills soon overcome these symptoms of constipation without upsetting any part of your digestive system, and lead to glowing health. Young and old alike prefer Beecham's Pills.

YOU CAN NOW BUY THEM SMOOTH COATED
1/7 & 3/10
3 twists for 3½d.

GENTLE The effect of Beecham's Pills is indistinguishable from a perfectly healthy, natural action.

EFFECTIVE They remove all waste matter without depriving your body of food containing valuable vitamins and minerals.

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You'll feel better tomorrow

Brush up your Friendships with a Halex Christmas

Give her the new Halex Combing Brush for Christmas—she'll be enchanted! And once the first thrilling strokes of the long springy quills have coaxed forth a new rich gloss, the enchantment will glow in her hair. No present more personal—in charming pastel shades.

The tufted nylon brushes with daintily-tinted translucent handles are splendid gifts, too. And any man will thank you for the handsome and sensible walnut finish Military Hairbrush.

6349 HALEX MILITARY BRUSH 8/11

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In bottles 1/8d. & (Economical Family Size) 2/10d.

VENO'S LIGHTNING **COUGH MIXTURE**

FOR NIGHT COUGHS, MORNING COUGHS, CHILDREN'S COUGHS, THROAT & CHEST SORENESS

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EDITORIAL

Aaaah-tishoo!

As we wipe our streaming noses in this chilling season we can take some comfort from the news from Salisbury, where the Common Cold Research Unit has made real progress.

At last, after seven years of experiment, it has found a way to produce the cold virus in test tubes.

Dr. C. H. Andrewes, in charge of investigations, says: "We had no luck for a while. We became very despondent and nearly threw our hands in. And then at the beginning of this year we had a lucky break. We are now on to a promising clue. It is most exciting."

COLDS are caused by a virus, like measles and polio. It has now been proved that just sitting in a draught or getting damp is not enough. Contact with a sufferer—or at least presence in a room where he has been sneezing—is needed.

DR. ANDREWES
"Most promising . . . exciting . . ."

Even then, the odds are against catching one.

At Salisbury, some of the three thousand volunteers have stood for hours in wet socks. Only one person out of nineteen who lived for some hours with snufflers caught cold.

In another test, one out of five did. Even when sneezing powder was thrown about and fans wafted the germs towards the human guinea-pigs, only two out of twenty-five caught cold.

If you really want a cold, however, the best way is to play passing a matchbox from nose to nose with children who have streaming colds. Five out of eight volunteers caught one this way.

IN America a scientist has divided the population into four natural groups. Half average two or three streamers a year. A quarter catch every cold that is going. A lucky few have almost perfect resistance.

What can we do about it, when we *do* get a cold? Take aspirin, cinnamon, whisky, rum or anything else; go to bed or go to work; it will last a week without treatment and seven days with it.

PERHAPS now that the virus can be grown in tissue cultures of the human embryonic lung, a real cure will be found. Possibly it will involve increasing the anti-bodies in the mucus. But *when?* is a question scientists will not even guess at.

The discovery of the virus means a considerable step towards defeating the disease. It also, of course, means that anybody who really wants a cold can now have one.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THERE is more than meets the eye in K. J. Petts's painting. The metabolism of his café lingerers has accelerated, and cardiac efficiency has increased; they have a better blood flow. Their eyes are bright and clear, their skin glows with health, and, when they leave—soon, the waitresses hope—their walk will be springier. But clinical diagnoses don't bother the sympathetic cleaner. She relives her own youth as she watches a girl and a boy in love.

You're sure of success with trouble-free Prom

PROM'S
SPRINGY CURL
TELLS ME
IT'S A SUCCESS
No neutralizer needed. No test curls. No time checks. Not a thing to worry about with fail-proof Prom.

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

JUST CURL UP your hair with trouble-free Prom. After thirty minutes one pleasant warm water rinse, then leave your hair drying naturally on the curlers (overnight if you prefer). When your hair comes off the curlers, those strong springy curls tell you it's a triumph. You've never had such a glorious perm.

BEGINNERS PLEASE NOTE

For your first home perm, choose the easiest, simplest process — choose Prom. No experience is needed. Prom is fail-proof. Once you've used it, you'll always choose Prom.

8/3

No more untidy "between-perm" hair. You can afford a Prom as soon as you need it.

USE WITH ANY HOME PERM CURLERS

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ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUNDERS

ensure your comfortable fit whatever width you need

Slim Medium OR Broad

This Ladies' Model is

"The One-Seven-Five"

Modern styling in an attractive shade of rusty-red calf. Unlined, extremely flexible, with crepe sole and heel.

from 52'9

For name of nearest retailer send p.c. to Makers: WEARRA SHOES LTD. Irthlingborough, Northants

YOU, like them, can find SUCCESS through THE FAMOUS BENNETT COLLEGE

THOUSANDS OF THANK YOU LETTERS ARE SIMPLE PROOF OF THIS UNFAILING WAY TO PASS EXAMS AND GET TO THE TOP

ACCOUNTANT (*right*)
"Under your guidance I have become a qualified accountant in three years two months . . . and during this period I was absent from studies for about six months due to an operation besides taking a three months' break. . . . To me your methods are clear and understandable and I sincerely say 'Thank You'." W. H., Liverpool, 15.

TEACHER (*above*)
"I have received the results of the College of Preceptors Senior Certificate Examination. They are:—Credits: English, Geometry, Algebra. Distinctions: Arithmetic, English History, Num.Trigonometry. I would like to thank The Bennett College for the excellent tuition without which I could not have successfully taken the examination after only six months part time study . . . I shall not hesitate to recommend the College." F. B., Manchester, 8.

POST OFFICE ENGINEER (*below*)
"Thanks to The Bennett College course, I have passed the C. and G. Exam. in Telecommunications Principles IV, giving me my final grouped course certificate. As an established P.O. Technical Officer I can be considered for promotion to Asst. Engineer Grade." G. C., Scarborough.

BUILDER (Now Managing Director) (*left*)
"I have passed The Building Inspectors' Examination of the Inst.Mun.E. May I express my appreciation of the great assistance you have given me. The Course was an excellent preparation for this Examination, and I cannot speak too highly of your lesson papers."
E. M., Watton-at-Stone, Herts.

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There are over a hundred different Bennett College Courses. Whichever one you take, you will receive the *personal* attention of picked tutors. Choose your subject from the list of courses and tear out the coupon. Send it off now. You will receive the appropriate College Prospectus.

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

OCTOBER 31, 1953 VOL. 94 NO. 2470 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

A twin with no life of her own

WHILE their mother was in hospital, my wife's two young nieces came to stay with us. The girls are twins, aged twelve. They attend the same school, wear similar clothes, go everywhere together and share all their likes and dislikes.

When we discussed the way in which the twins had been brought up, I found my wife in full agreement with her sister's methods. "It is important to treat both twins in exactly the same way in every respect. Their minds are cast in the same mould, so they want the same things from life. Any differences in treatment are bound to make one of them unhappy," she said. I disagreed. I pointed out that the reason why the two girls seemed to have identical interests was that Jean fell in with every suggestion put forward by Joyce, the stronger personality. It would have been better for Jean, I suggested, to have been dressed differently, sent to a separate school and encouraged in every way to stand on her own feet.—C. H., Wiltshire.

Counting Shepherds

TO get to sleep at night I count twelve sheep and then add on four for a shepherd, making sixteen. Then I count another twelve sheep and add on two shepherds, making thirty-six. Next time I count three shepherds, and so on. I soon drop off in the middle of one of the sums.—C. J. LANE, Langley, Buckinghamshire.

Tinted Wash

AT the laundrette I sat next to a young man who told me that his wife was away and that he was having the washing done as a surprise for her. He was very pleased with his idea until we opened his washing machine and found that he had included a pair of socks with the other clothes. The whole wash had been tinted a delicate shade of green. The young man looked very dejected when he left carrying the surprise bundle under his arm. — MRS. J. HOOPER, Hertfordshire.

Drowned Duck

A "FREE SPEECH" correspondent recalls seeing a rabbit swimming in a Scottish loch. Before the war I used to do a lot of fishing in the Thames at Sutton Courtenay, and more than once I saw a hare swimming in the river. At the same spot I saw a duck drowned by a pike which grabbed it by one leg and made off downstream. The duck flapped along on the surface of the water for about ten yards; then the pike dived and it disappeared.—C. H. WHITE, Lower Tuffley, Gloucester.

Underwater Search

I HAVE had some experience with the echo-sounding devices described in "Free Speech" and can give an instance of the use of this equipment to locate an object on the sea-bed. Some years ago a barge loaded with cement broke adrift and sank in the Thames estuary. If the cargo was not to be ruined by the action of the water, it was essential to find the barge and resurface it quickly. Normal dragging operations would have taken too long, so it was decided to use a tug fitted with an echo-sounder. Within a few hours the sunken barge was located. On the chart of the echo-sounder it stood out clearly from the record of the flat, muddy bottom of the estuary. The cement was saved in time. — F. DUFFY, Moston, Manchester.

Changing Habits

I WAS charmed by the cover painting by Gordon Nicol, R.I. (JOHN BULL, October 10), portraying the Duke of Edinburgh and his children in such a delightfully informal scene. It was just the occasion when I would have expected to see the Duke with a hand in his jacket pocket—his characteristic mannerism. He could do this if he put his whip under his arm or in the

The Duke at Canongate Kirk, Edinburgh

hand which is so carefully guiding Princess Anne. Incidentally, it is interesting to note how the hand-in-pocket stance has been socially accepted. My brother often describes his Sunday march to church forty years ago. He carried a cane under one arm and swung the other smartly. If he did venture to put a hand to a pocket, there came a brusque order from Father in the rear: "Hand out of your pocket, Stuart—no slouching." — MISS S. G. N., Leith, Edinburgh.

At The Grocer's

IN a crowded grocer's shop I heard an assistant reciting almost an entire catalogue of his stock to a shopper who listened and then accepted or rejected each suggestion he made. The order took a long time to complete. When my turn came to be served, the assistant said: "You can blame rationing for that delay. Women got so used to having items deleted from their shopping lists that they stopped writing them. Goods are plentiful again now, but the old written orders have not returned." — MRS. H. DALBY, Farnham, Surrey.

Prejudices

BRITISH girls do not lack a sense of adventure ("Free Speech," October 10), but some parents still suffer from prejudices which prevent their daughters from taking up domestic work abroad and seeing other countries at little expense. I am a doctor's daughter and I received a public school education and a secretarial training. Then in 1936, when I was nineteen, I decided to work my way across France as a domestic servant. There was great opposition to my plan. My family and friends were horrified; they said that I was slightly cuckoo and had no sense of dignity—whatever that may be. It was even arranged for me to take a secretarial post at the British Embassy in Paris. But in the end I got my way and went from place to place as a domestic. I was always treated as a member of the

Continued on page 6

Whatever the pleasure Player's complete it

Player's Please

[NCC 841]

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

Sooner or later you'll hear it said. . .

In a cinema queue they talk of many things; it isn't all about Gable or Grable by any means—nor even Gregory Peck. I've noticed that, sooner or later, the men always get on to football, and the women work their way through clothes, children, houses—and FOOD! Like the lady in front of me at the Regal the other night.

I couldn't help hearing that she'd just bought a new twin-set; that little Gordon had worn out another pair of shoes; that the sitting room was draughty and that her husband had got home early, but it was all right because she had a few left-overs and with a couple of OXO Cubes she'd soon had a tasty hot meal ready.

And that's a funny thing! Wherever I go I'm bound to hear somebody say how valuable OXO Cubes are. I always use them for my gravies, stews and such—and what a difference they make.

Yes, every time, it's OXO Cubes for extra goodness!

OXO CUBE

Where there's cooking there's OXO

Nicest treatment for Throat & Chest

For quick relief from coughs, colds, husky throat and catarrh, take pleasant-tasting KILKOF. Its valuable medicaments warm you, comfort you and soothe away all soreness. You start getting better from the very first spoonful.

SOOTHES *away soreness*
RELIEVES *irritation*
EASES *tightness*
PROTECTS *your bronchial tubes*

CROAKY? take KILKOF

Per bottle 1/8 *and* 3/6 *family size*
Also Kilkof-Kones—7d. *per packet*

Made by PARKINSONS LTD. Manufacturing Chemists, Burnley

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

family in a way which even now would not be understood in most British homes.—Mrs. J. F., London, S.W.16.

. . . In three and a half years I have travelled 40,000 miles. At the age of nineteen I left for Australia and worked there as a secretary, as a housekeeper and on farms. I hitch-hiked eight thousand miles across that vast continent and returned home by way of Indonesia, Singapore and Italy. All over Australia I met English girls—a waitress at Alice Springs, a typist at Mount Isa and nurses in the outback, miles from civilization. — Miss Pamela Jay, Ashcroft Road, Luton, Bedfordshire.

. . . I am planning a world tour with the intention of studying differing ways of life and taking photographs. I have advertised widely for a travelling companion of my own age (twenty), but so far I have had no success.—Miss A. P., London, W.3.

. . . During a five months' hitch-hike in Europe last year we worked for two months in Sweden as hotel chambermaids. We spent a week as housemaids and a week as waitresses.—Miss A. F., and Miss P. T., Whickham, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Service In Shops

IN a large store I asked a young assistant if she had a hat which would match my dress. The girl just shook her head and said: "Sorry, nothing like that in stock." I was still wandering round the department when a middle-aged assistant asked if she could help me. I told her what I wanted, and she said at once: "I think we have got just the thing." I have often noticed that it is the not-so-young assistants who are the most willing to please. — Mrs. M. E. Ward, Dunford Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

General Post

THE bus on which I was travelling in Nottingham began to fill up. I offered my seat to a young lady, and she in turn surrendered it to an elderly gentleman. Then a middle-aged woman offered a seat to me—I am

six foot three and she thought I looked cramped standing up. Too much politeness can sometimes make life a little complicated.—H. M., Lincolnshire.

Harding As Student

GILBERT HARDING'S account of his university career in "Along My Line" was of particular interest to me, as I was a contemporary of his at Cambridge. We were fellow members of a certain university club which decided to subscribe to the strikers' funds when a strike occurred at a local cement works. Harding solemnly insisted at a business meeting that, as we were subscribing to the funds, we ought to have a say in the direction of the strike. With equal solemnity, I condemned this attitude as an interference with the rights of the workers. I do not suppose it occurred to either of us that the club's assistance was probably too trivial to enable us to direct the course of history. — H. A. J. M., Cambridge.

. . . Like Gilbert Harding, I passed through a phase during my university career when it was my ambition to appear eccentric. I could not afford a nurse's cloak such as Gilbert wore, but I did stop shaving. After months of effort my beard was sufficiently luxuriant to win me a first prize when I went to a fancy dress dance as a devil. But my beard perished in its finest hour—my prize parcel contained shaving cream and an after-shave lotion.—J. M. M., Aberdeen.

. . . Gilbert holds nothing back. Even when a story shows him in a bad light, he tells it. I admire his frankness; he is straightforward enough to be a Yorkshireman. — Edward A. Gauntlett, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.

. . . Harding's line is teaching the wrong values to the younger generation by making them believe that it is funny and clever to be rude. — Mrs. Nina Rowe, Pengegon, Camborne, Cornwall.

This week's instalment of Gilbert Harding's life story, "Along My Line," begins on page 21.

TV Dinner Jackets

CHARLES WOOD'S painting of Gilbert Harding's television favourites (John Bull's TV Supplement) raised an interesting fashion point. I noticed that the men in the group were wearing single-breasted dinner jackets and soft shirts. Is this a sign that the single jacket is superseding the double jacket which has been so popular in recent years? If this is so, it will be welcome news for the man in his forties, who at present feels somewhat dated when he wears his prewar single-breasted evening clothes. — G. E. Higson, Chorley, Lancashire.

Single-breasted jackets are rapidly returning to popularity, says a Savile Row tailor. About half the jackets made by his firm are now in this style.

Odette Picture

AS a commercial artist, I follow with great interest the illustrations which appear in John Bull. Their quality is high. The picture of Odette, Captain Peter Churchill and the German general on the centre pages of the Odette Supplement (October 10) was especially good. Who was the artist? — Norman H. Pugh, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

The Odette picture was painted by Gerald Fancett. "I got a kick out of that scene—as I painted it became very real to me," he says.

THE SAINT comes to John Bull

SEE PAGE 26

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Feel the difference!

TWO WOOLLY OUTFITS, BUT . . .

Mmmmm! The *softness*, the *cosiness* of the woollies washed in Persil. Brrrrrr! How scratchy and comfortless the other set feels. No warmth! No "give"!

Why *is* it that Persil is so much kinder to woollens than other washing powders?

Just this. Persil cleans woollens so gently they never lose the springy fluffiness that makes wool *warm!*

PERSIL is kind to woollens!

—YOU CAN FEEL IT IS!

PER 1275A-80

Why

Weetabix

THE WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL

Buy a family size packet today

makes winter's finest breakfast

Send for Helen Burke's **NEW** *recipe leaflet*
"Take Some Weetabix" *and* **Sample Packet**
—Post this coupon **TODAY**

To Mrs. Marjorie Crisp, Department 3S, Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Kettering, Northants. Please send me a copy of "Take Some Weetabix" and Sample Packet. *Post coupon in an unsealed 1½d. stamped envelope.*

NAME.....

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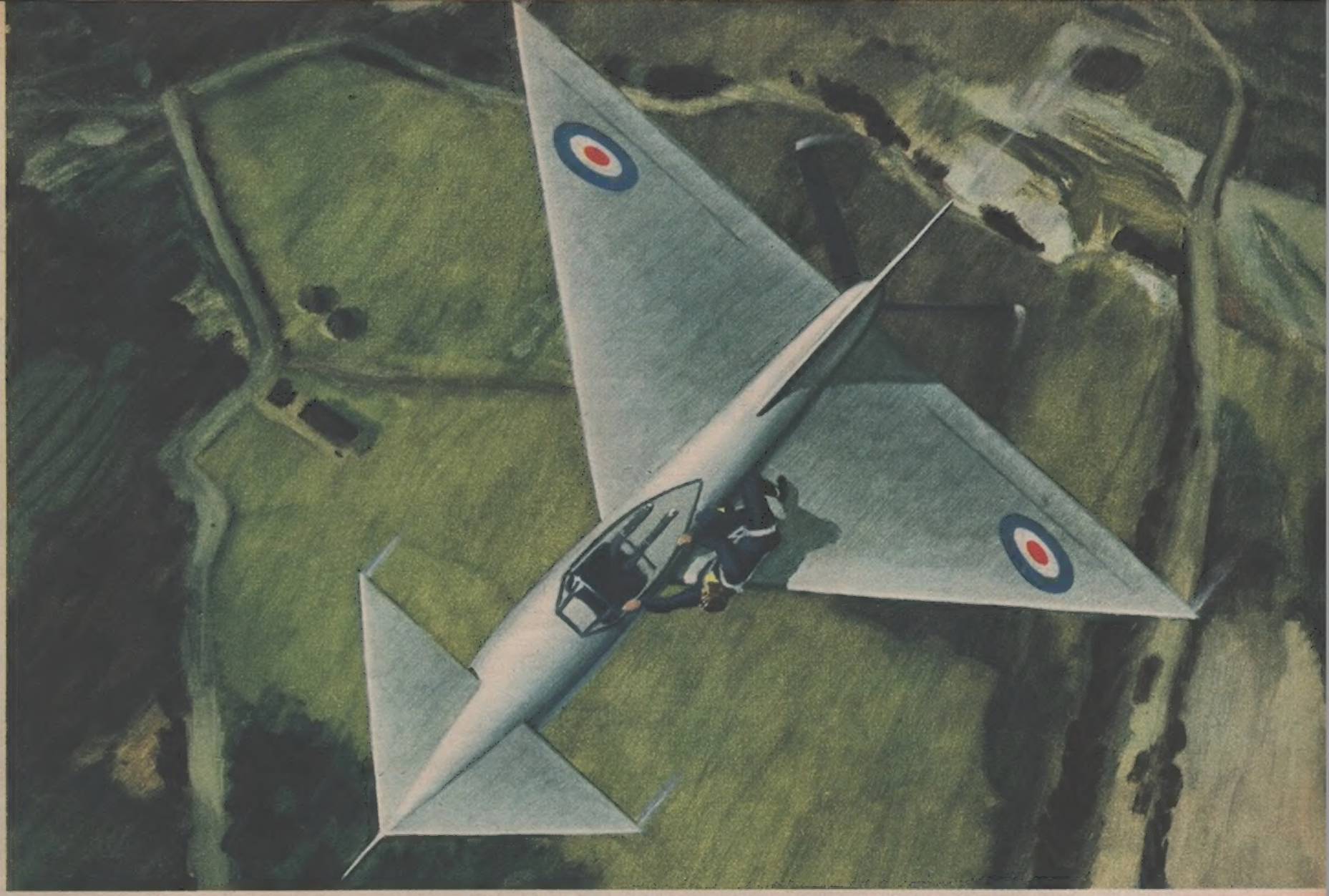
People who really have to face cold weather need food that *gives* heat — the actual warmth of the food itself matters very little. It's the heat-*giving* properties in the food that matter — not the temperature you serve it at! And for these heat-giving, energy-giving properties there is no more appetising breakfast food than delicious, ready-to-serve Weetabix. It makes winter's finest breakfast. Buy a family-size packet today.



Hindered by the parachute, he tried desperately to haul himself back into the cockpit. It was no good. He would have to get rid of the 'chute

TEST FLIGHT

by ***WILLIAM ESSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY GREGORY

He knew the plane was faulty—and dangerous. Yet he had to take it up, even if it killed him

LIKE A SAWN-OFF LIGHTHOUSE, the control tower stood at the side of Brookman's Field aerodrome. There it was, Bentley thought, controlling the lives of all of them—himself, Jean, the Old Man, Kirk, the duty pilot, even Barlow, the designer.

Bentley and Jean Holman sat looking at it through the dining-room window of the Bull. She touched his wrist.

"On test-flying days," she said gently, "we don't keep on staring at it. We relax and talk about something else. We are having lunch with our sympathetic and reasonably intelligent friend, Miss Holman. Remember?"

Bentley managed a faint grin as he turned back to her. "I remember," he said.

"Sure you won't have a drink? I think you need one."

"Not today," he said firmly. "Any other time, but not today. You have another for me."

He caught a watchful look in her eyes and for a moment he felt weary—he didn't care if he never flew an aircraft again. He and Jean had had many test-flight lunches like this, and yet this one was different. He seemed to be seeing her for the first time.

Poor kid, she'd wasted too much of her life on pilots. She had been engaged to his predecessor, Jerry Hunt: Jerry had bought it in that tailless job, the F.7/48. Bentley had helped her through a bad time when Jerry died: he and Jean had been close ever since. Looking at her now, he saw how strung up with anxiety she was, though she didn't let it show. Maybe she had had a hunch, too, the same hunch as his own. . . .

"Barlow's a good designer," he muttered, striving to reassure her. "One day he'll be the best in the country. He's made a beautiful job of the Delta."

She nodded. "And those modifications you asked for . . . .?"

"He incorporated most of them," Bentley

Continued on page 36

"Have another drink," he said. But she shook her head. He caught a watchful look in her eye, and guessed how anxious she was for him

P.C.49 achieves promotion at last

by JOHN ENNIS

Brian Reece? Too well known as a radio copper, producers once said. Now he proves them wrong—helped by a crew cut

ONE EVENING LAST APRIL, Brian Reece, the actor, stretched his thin, six-foot-one-inch frame in an easy chair on the stage of Brighton's Theatre Royal and took a long drink from a bottle of raspberry juice. The movement turned his gaze upward, and what he saw made him wonder if he were about to be violently killed.

The plot of the play, *The Seven Year Itch*, calls for a tomato plant in a heavy pot to crash down on his vacant chair a moment after he stands up. A sea breeze from outside had sent a draught through the theatre, and the massive pot—made from a coal scuttle weighted with cement—was swaying from side to side as it hung from a shackle pin sixteen feet directly above his head.

During the interval, Reece, an optimist who knows when to be cautious, spoke of his fears to the stage director. From that day a second pin has held the first in position, and the plant cannot fall until two ropes have been pulled.

Reece, an irrepressible, rubber-faced forty-year-old, has to spend seven minutes sitting under the tomato plant at every performance. Now that he knows it is safe, he has no worries. An actor who plays the same part in the play in New York has allowed the potential danger from the plant to affect him so much that when it does fall he stands a couple of yards away. Reece stands so near that the metal side of the pot almost brushes his shoulder. "If it hit me I should be killed outright," he says. "But I know it can fall only straight down."

Brian Reece in a scene from *The Seven Year Itch*. His rôle: a New York business man.

Fun and games with the family. Reece has little time for leisure, but here he enjoys a romp in the garden of his home at Richmond

A Star In Seven Years

A blend of confidence and caution—and a business sense rare among actors—has helped to take Reece from obscurity to stardom in seven years. His performance in the last two shows presented by C. B. Cochran, *Bless The Bride* and *Tough At The Top*, drew exclamations like "brilliant," "Chaplinesque" and "superb comic creation" from West End critics, and all in spite of the fact that in neither play did he have the leading part.

His radio character, P.C.49, is fourth in popularity among B.B.C. programmes, attracting more than ten million listeners each time it is broadcast. From the start he insisted that his name be printed above the title of the programme in the *Radio Times*, so that he would be at least as well known to listeners as the part he was playing. Now, however, he admits that becoming so closely identified with a single character has prejudiced his career. "*Forty-nine* has paid the rent for six years," he says, "but managements looking for actors were beginning to say, 'Reece might do, but he's too well known as that radio copper.'"

He is hoping that his part in *The Seven Year Itch*, now at the Aldwych Theatre, London, will put an end to this attitude. "John Gerstad, the American producer of this play, had never heard of P.C.49," he explains. "When I was tested for the part I began on a level footing with the other contestants."

Gerstad was about to bring over an American for the part of Richard Sherman, a New York publisher, when he was persuaded to give an audition to Reece. After the audition he asked, "Would you be prepared to have a crew haircut and shave off your moustache?"

Reece immediately agreed. "For such a chance," says an acquaintance, "Brian would have been prepared to cut off his right arm." His friend Jack Allen, the actor, recalls that Reece's enthusiasm had waned when the time came for the beloved moustache to go. "It came off hair by hair," says Allen. "It was like pulling teeth."

Seven years ago Reece went without a full week's work for a whole year. Released in 1946 from his wartime job of major in charge of entertainment for the Eighth Army, he worked one-night stands in cabaret, on the radio, at Masonic dinners and holiday camps. Then he heard that Cochran was looking for an unknown comedian to play the part of Thomas Trout in his new show, *Bless The Bride*.

"Cochran already had Georges Guetary to play the lead," says Reece, "and he was looking for somebody he would not have to pay £150 a week." Cochran went along to the Nuffield Centre to see Reece's cabaret act. "Splendid," he said, "but I wanted to hear you sing. You *do* sing, don't you?"

Reece, who had never sung on the stage in his life, confidently said he could sing. He took home the music of a song from the show and had the key lowered a full tone. "I went back and bashed it out for Cochran," he recalls. "He said 'O.K.' Up to then I had been strictly a bathroom singer. I went right out and signed up for a course of singing lessons."

In 1951, while popular newspapers were criticizing actors for not going out to entertain the troops in Korea, Reece was already there. He went to such lengths to look after the girls

Every evening for an hour before the curtain rises, he practises his American accent. For the part, he had to shave off his famous moustache

With Kay Kendall in his new film, *Fast And Loose*. Film-making for Brian Reece means a 6 a.m. start and a dash to the theatre at night

in his party that they nicknamed him "Dad." Sheena Harvey, who played the piano, remembers, "At mess parties he would suddenly get up and say, 'Time to go, girls.' Then he would lead us out like a hen with its brood."

Though glad of his protectiveness, the others found his insistence on punctuality irksome. Once Sheena Harvey played the harmonium for a Canadian unit's church service, and this made her late for moving on to the next show. Reece plotted with the commanding officer of the next unit they visited to pretend to put the pianist on a charge for being absent without leave. They marched her into an office and formally charged her, and Reece kept the joke going until she burst into tears. "I waited for two tours for him to be late for something so I could get my own back," says Sheena Harvey, "but he never gave me the chance."

Reece is always glad to work for charity, but likes to be sure the cause is a worthy one. Just before leaving on a Malaya tour, he agreed to do a free show for a London organization. But when he saw how prosperous the members looked, he suggested a whip-round. It resulted in thousands of cigarettes for the men in Malaya.

With a carload of these cigarettes, he had to bluff his way past the Malayan Customs while driving from Penang. He showed them various irrelevant documents, including a list of jokes, a script and some Naafi receipts. All were solemnly stamped, and the cigarettes were allowed to pass.

Took Him Too Seriously

During its run in London, *Bless The Bride* was broadcast, and Vernon Harris, a B.B.C. producer, noted the way Reece changed his style to suit the microphone. A few days later, looking at the script for the first *Adventures of P.C.49* programme, he scribbled Reece's name alongside that of the main character.

"I persuaded the Light Programme planners to let me do a series of four broadcasts of *Forty-nine* in October, 1947," says Harris. "Now we have done 112, and there will be more to come."

Listeners of every type and age became P.C.49 fans, but some took the programme too seriously. P.C.49 frequently has to tear into action from an unfinished meal, and, to indicate this by sound alone, Reece has to chew something close to the microphone. He once ripped a piece of paper from his script and stuffed it into his mouth. Later, a letter arrived from a woman in Hammersmith saying that eating and speaking at the same time set a bad example for children.

"Once he took a huge bite from a bun," recalls Joy Shelton, who plays P.C.49's wife. "He overdid it, and for a few seconds he couldn't speak at all."

For the first four years of the programme P.C.49 was unmarried, and Joy Shelton played as his fiancée. During this time Joy, who is married to Sydney Tafler, the actor, gave birth to a son. Reece breezed into his local public house, and said, "Drinks on me; my fiancée has had a baby." The barmaid was disgusted and it was some time before she would even speak to him.

Playing a hero on radio has its problems. Reece has lived for some years by the River Thames, first at Kew and now at Richmond, with his wife and two sons, Michael, aged six, and Christopher, nearly two. In 1949 he took a new sailing dinghy on the river, and it capsized. Floundering in deep water, faced with the difficult task of righting the boat and climbing back into it from the river, he wanted to shout for help—but he noticed the banks were lined with schoolboys. He struggled aboard on his own. "I knew some of them would recognize me," he explained afterwards. "I did not dare let down P.C.49, but I was quite worried for a time."

The energy of Reece, whose long legs stride rather than walk, amazes his friends. Recently he has been making a film at Pinewood. This has meant rising at 6 a.m., driving to Pinewood to work there until 5 p.m., then peeling off a wig and false moustache and driving to the theatre, where he never leaves the stage for more than a few seconds in two hours. Friends have noticed that, as he nears the theatre, his accent gradually becomes American. Before the curtain rises, he uses a New York accent for an hour, in conversation with his dresser, in order to get into the American character he is about to play.

Brian Reece was born in Wallasey, Cheshire, in 1913, and went to Oakham Grammar School, Rutland. He began work in his father's catering business in Liverpool—but spent much of his working time watching rehearsals in Liverpool Playhouse.

Met Wife On A Farm

After playing a few small parts with Liverpool Repertory Company, Reece became seriously ill with peritonitis. To recover, he worked for two years on a poultry farm, where he met his wife Iris, daughter of the owner of the farm. For three years he played hundreds of parts in repertory. In 1940, he reached the West End in a small part, and played the juvenile lead one night when the star was ill. Two months later, he joined the Royal Artillery as a gunner, and a year afterwards was commissioned. He never achieved a medical category high enough to put him in a fighting unit, but he soon developed techniques that turned him into a first-class, all-round entertainer.

Though Reece's confidence has taken him to the top, his caution remains. He puts aside part of his income for tax. "I have my own system of P.A.Y.E.," he says. "I have saved out of every income I have ever had. When I was earning £3 a week, I saved 2s. 6d. The great thing in this business is to be able to refuse parts that will do you no good professionally. If I didn't save, I should have to take the first job offered."

THE END

In a mad frenzy, he slashed out at the riderless horse, driving it into the one ahead

KILLER IN THE SADDLE

by ***LEONARD COOPER***

He'd horse-whipped his wife for being unfaithful. But for the other man he had something different in mind—something final

IN THE JOCKEYS' DRESSING-ROOM there was the usual smell of leather and cigarette smoke and stale sweat, equine and human. Normally Jack Sheppey wouldn't have noticed it, but today he felt vaguely nauseated. Hanging up a wrinkled cotton shirt and reaching for his racing jacket, he told himself once again that he'd been a fool not to get to bed at a decent hour last night.

Not that he'd been hitting it up. He'd too much sense for that at his age, especially with the huge fences of the Baladare Cup to ride over next day. He'd just dropped round for a couple of drinks with Jim and Cora Daykin at their hotel.

At least, that had been his intention, but Jim hadn't been there; he had stayed over another day at Cheltenham to ride Royal Tennis in the three o'clock, and Cora wasn't expecting him back till next morning.

So Sheppey had had his couple of drinks with Cora, and, as it turned out, had stayed talking to her till after midnight. Cora was one of his oldest friends. He'd always seen a good deal of her, what with him and Jim constantly riding against each other up and down the country.

Poor Cora. Sheppey hadn't realized until last night, when she'd broken down and told him all about it, what a life Jim led her.

He'd always known Jim was a bit of a brute—with horses, anyway. There'd been that colt he'd ridden so hard in a hopeless finish that the poor beast had never run again. And he'd been suspended once a year or two ago when there'd been some trouble about his flogging his horse after it had passed the post. But Sheppey had never guessed Jim Daykin was being a brute to his wife, too. He was surprised and shocked.

It was all because Daykin was so insanely jealous. He couldn't bear to see his wife so much as talking to another man. And lately—losing all control of herself, Cora had sobbed the whole story out to Sheppey—he had taken to knocking her about when things were going wrong, or when he'd had a drop too much.

"I don't know how I can go on, Jack," she had told him. "I think he must be mad."

Sheppey had said what he could to comfort Cora. By the time he left her, it was getting really late. It was well after midnight when he turned in at his own hotel. And then of course he hadn't been able to get to sleep. He'd lain tossing and turning, worrying about Jim and Cora, worrying about the Baladare Cup course.

He'd ridden the Baladare course more often than he cared to remember, and he knew all the obstacles. But in those dark hours of the early morning the jumps loomed unnaturally large and wide. The first fence where there'd been the shambles in '48 . . . eight horses down at once and those behind rearing and swerving, trying not to tread on the casualties. The Windmill Turn, where he'd fallen himself in '49, riding Petit Point. The Water, the widest stretch on any English course. And, worst of all, there was the Open Ditch, where Cavalier had broken a leg the same year, and where poor Tommy Seton had been killed in '50, his guts squashed out of him when Madrigal II rolled on him. . . .

He found himself remembering what had happened to Tommy Seton with peculiar vividness that afternoon in the dressing room. He slipped some benzedrine tablets into his mouth. He'd had a double dose already, but he was still feeling pretty awful. He made a conscious effort to buck up. The race would be over in half an hour, and that would be the end of one worry. He knew he'd have to try to do something about Cora—heaven knew what. A talk with Jim, perhaps. . . .

Come to that, where was Jim? It was high time he was here. Sheppey looked round the room at the other men in various stages of undress, and as he did so the door swung open and the jockeys from the 1.45 came in, breathless, mud-splashed and sweating. Then he saw Jim Daykin coming in after them. Daykin was dressed ready for riding, with a spare jacket over his arm and a light coat about his shoulders.

Sheppey made an effort and called out with false cheer: "Hallo, Jim! How goes it?"

DAYKIN didn't answer. He hung his spare gear on a peg and slipped his arms into the sleeves of his overcoat, huddling it about him. Then he came across the crowded room, hands thrust deep in his pockets, the point of his whip sticking up by his shoulder. He stopped in front of Sheppey, and stared at him expressionlessly.

"I want a word with you, Sheppey."

Sheppey looked up, surprised. They'd been Jim and Jack to each other as long as he could remember. He asked evenly: "What's up, Jim?"

"I wouldn't know. That's what I want to find out." Daykin pulled a hand out of his coat pocket and waved a leather wallet slowly

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

in front of Sheppey. "This is yours, isn't it?"

Sheppey took the wallet and glanced at it. "That's mine all right. Where'd you find it?"

Daykin laughed harshly. "Where you left it, chum, I reckon. In Cora's bedroom."

"In Cora's——?" Sheppey broke off, in astonishment and dismay. "How the blazes did it get—unless—I don't know—I went round to see her last night. We had a couple of drinks—I suppose I dropped it when I was paying."

"I suppose you did," Daykin said. "What did she charge you?"

For a moment the meaning of the words escaped Sheppey. Then his face flushed with anger. He jumped up.

"What the hell d'you mean?" he demanded furiously.

"Easy enough question, ain't it?" Daykin answered. "What's her price? What do you usually pay? Or are you on the free list?"

That was more than enough. Sheppey sprang at Daykin, fists clenched. But at once he was pulled away by the other jockeys. Nerves were always strained and tempers brittle before a big race; it was not the first dressing-room flare-up of the day.

The tumult quickly subsided. Sheppey pulled himself together. It was Cora he'd got to think of, and the necessity of convincing Daykin of her innocence. He could look after himself all right, but if he thrashed Daykin it would only be the worse for Cora afterwards.

An electric bell shrilled suddenly. The jockeys riding in the big race picked up their caps and whips and moved towards the door. Sheppey got up and went across and caught Daykin by the sleeve as he was going out.

"Listen, Jim," he said. He spoke urgently, trying to sound friendly. "You've got it all wrong. I swear to God it was nothing like that. Listen, for Pete's sake! You know Cora's not that sort. She's as white as they make 'em."

"You should know," Daykin said. His eyes were cold and slatey. "Next time you see her you might find she's changed colour a bit since I gave her a taste of this!" He jerked the handle of his whip in the air.

Sheppey's hand dropped from his arm. "You—you whipped her?"

Daykin spoke over his shoulder as he went out. "I did. And I'll give you your share when you come back. If you come back. Be seeing you, Sheppey! Windmill Turn or Open Ditch, most likely. Remember Tommy Seton?"

TOMMY SETON! Again that sickening memory. And in a flash, Sheppey saw it in his mind's eye. Tommy Seton up on Madrigal II; himself riding Manaple, just behind and to the left when it happened. He'd heard the crash, had seen Tommy fall backwards into the ditch, had watched, horror-struck, while for a seemingly endless moment Madrigal had hung poised. And then the fall, the slow backwards fall, and Tommy's scream as the mare fell, crushing the life out of him.

Sheppey's face was white and drawn as he followed Daykin out. He was feeling desperate. Somehow, before they got to the start—in the paddock, or during the parade or the canter down—he'd got to convince Daykin that Cora wasn't that sort of woman. He wasn't afraid of Daykin's threats. It was easy to threaten, but, unless he had some incredible bit of luck, Daykin wouldn't be able to do him much harm once they were mounted; not without risking being seen and warned off for good and all.

He hurried after Daykin, intent on getting another word with him, but as soon as he entered the paddock, the stable-lad was beside him with his mount, Perimeter, and the trainer

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Cora broke down, sobbing. "I don't know how I can go on, Jack," she said. "I think he must be mad." Sheppey listened, surprised and shocked

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS (2) *by LEWIS COTLOW*

Months before, this Jivaro witchdoctor "saw" in a narcotic trance the murderer of a tribal relative. The tribe sought revenge. Now, in his hand, he holds the shrunken head of the victim

Explorer Lewis Cotlow enters up his diary. He travelled through headhunter country unarmed. "When they have you at their mercy, headhunters can relax enough to become your friends," he says

I see the power of jungle witchcraft

Evil spirits haunt the headhunter's life. They dwell in his deadly blowpipe, in the lightning sent to burn his home, in the narcotic-inspired dreams that turn him into a mad killer

NEXT MORNING I AWOKE to the sounds of women talking, boiling pots, the bark of a dog, an argument between two children, men moving about—the usual noises of a large and busy household. I realized that, with closed eyes, I might think myself in any home anywhere in the world on a normal morning.

But this was no normal home. The family I heard moving around me belonged to the most savage people in the world—South America's 20,000 Jivaro headhunters. To study and to film their life and customs I had travelled seven thousand miles, from a comfortable New York flat to the wild upper reaches of the Amazon. I had come to solve a centuries-old riddle: what makes a man cut off another man's head, shrink it to fist-size, and dance round it? In this primitive headhunter's home, in which I had spent the night, I hoped to find the answer.

The moment I sat up I knew that I had slept on a Jivaro bed. My legs felt as if they had been broken just below the knees. For a Jivaro bed is wide and short—even shorter than the Indians themselves. They are taller than many primitive races, averaging about five feet five inches; but their platform beds are just under five feet long, with a pole at the same height about five inches beyond the foot of the platform. The Jivaro lies on his bed, rests his feet on the horizontal bar, and in chilly weather has them warmed by the embers of a fire that burns on the floor beneath.

I had to put my legs on the crossbar at the bottom, but as I am somewhat taller than the Indians, it hit me just below the knees. During the night I felt them growing numb, and curled myself up into a ball in order to get all of me on the platform. But later I had to stretch out and put my legs on the pole again.

I stamped my legs back to life as I looked around. José, my half-breed guide, and the bearers were already up and eating together. I assumed that most of the Jivaros had already eaten, for they rise with the dawn or before, and it was a little later than that now. I ate some boiled yuca and stepped outside to look for Chumbika, the *curaka* or head of the family. I wondered if his unpleasant mood had come back on him. He was talking with some of the other men. In the bright sunlight I could see his many scars easily. They were not old but they were ugly, some having healed badly and irregularly, with blue stains under the new skin.

Invited To A Blowpipe Hunt

Chumbika turned and saw me, smiled and stretched out an arm as if in greeting. So he still thought I was all right. Now I was more puzzled than ever as to what might have aroused his hostility when we arrived the day before. José joined us and I was able to ask, through him, if I might take some pictures of any activities going on that day. I was particularly interested in filming them hunting with their blowpipes. The young *curaka* replied that he and his fellow warriors were just discussing the hunt for the day and were about to set out. I was invited to go with them.

Many primitive people dislike cameras. They don't understand them, and fear the strange magic boxes with single eyes pointed at them. Chumbika and his fellows, however, seemed completely indifferent and perhaps even a little pleased at the idea. I explained that I wanted a picture of them starting off into the jungle carrying their blowpipes. José translated well enough for them to understand. Chumbika nodded and went into the *jivaria* (house) for his weapon. The others were already armed with gracefully tapered blowpipes about ten feet long, and dart quivers and cotton gourds slung over their shoulders.

As Chumbika stepped from the *jivaria*, I trained the camera on him and pressed the release. He walked toward me, straight and serious—a fine shot of a handsome, dignified hunter. Suddenly the camera began to vibrate, with a sound like the death rattle of an ancient alarm clock. I swore to myself. Was the old

These women are making *nijimanche*—the Jivaro beer brewed from yuca plant. The yuca is scooped into the women's mouths, chewed thoroughly, and then spat into another jar. The saliva converts the starch of the yuca into sugar and the liquid is left to ferment. Jivaros drink five quarts of it a day

box going to give out at my first shot? I shook it futilely and turned to film Chumbika and three companions walking in file from the clearing to the jungle edge. No vibration this time.

I hurried along with José to catch up with the hunters. They travelled rapidly at first, knowing that there would probably be little game near the *jivaria*. After twenty minutes they slowed down, and I had a chance to catch my breath. The hunters stopped and peered ahead through the branches. I looked and saw a small stream and, on the opposite shore, a capybara—the biggest rodent in the world. It resembled a giant guinea-pig on thin, spindly legs, about four feet long and weighing nearly a hundred pounds. On our approach, the capybara dived into the water with scarcely a splash and disappeared.

Caught Jaguar By Surprise

We crossed the stream and, of course, my shoes, socks and the lower part of my trousers were soaked. I could not worry about that. We climbed a hill and turned slightly to the north. Suddenly the hunters ahead of me froze in their tracks. I lifted the camera slowly, for a good deal of light filtered through the trees ahead. I saw the Indians' heads turn slowly to the left. There, less than thirty feet away, stood a jaguar, its yellow coat and black rosettes brilliant in a shaft of sunlight. He was looking at us as if in surprise. Quickly I pressed the camera release. At the slight clicking noise, he lifted his head and then bounded away gracefully out of sight.

Chumbika and his men had made no attempt to attack the jaguar with their blowpipes. Jivaros need a gun or lance for the jaguar, and then he is not easy to get. For one thing, the big cat usually travels at night when the Indian locks himself in his *jivaria*. Even when he is encountered in the daytime, he is usually too fast—the only thing as quick and silent as the Jivaro himself. Consequently a jaguar is quite a prize. Some Jivaros use part of a jaguar's leg bone to make lance points, and everywhere the necklace of jaguar teeth is the most splendid decoration a man can wear.

Imitated Call Of A Bird

We walked another half-hour, up and down hills, across streams, without seeing any game. I was getting rather tired, but just as I was thinking that I'd have to stop for a brief rest the Indians halted and began talking among themselves. I saw that they stood near a kind of screen or blind made of palm leaves, built so skilfully that one could scarcely see it.

Chumbika turned and spoke to José. He was going to hide behind the blind, which he had constructed two days before, and try to bring the birds to him. The others were going on farther in search of monkeys. I could stay with him or go along with the others, as I wished. Much as I wanted to see monkey-hunting, I welcomed the chance for a rest. So José and I got behind the blind with Chumbika, and the others went on.

For five minutes we sat without a sound. Then Chumbika leaned forward and let out a throaty whistle. It was a perfect reproduction of a bird sound that I had heard several times the afternoon before as we were walking toward the *jivaria*. At intervals he repeated that sound and others, but I heard no answering calls.

After sitting absolutely still for fifteen minutes, I wanted to move, but I tried not to. At the end of half an hour my admiration for the patience of the Jivaro Indian knew no bounds. Only when I saw Chumbika's hand move slowly to his side did I realize that the sound I had just heard came from a bird and not from him. From the bamboo quiver he withdrew a *tsenac*—a dart as slender as a match and about twelve inches long. It is made from the ribs of certain palm leaves that are cut at a time when the wood is very hard. I noticed that the sharpened end was brown with curare poison.

Priming The Poisoned Dart

Keeping his eye fixed somewhere ahead, Chumbika pulled a tiny wad of cotton from a small gourd attached to the dart quiver and wrapped it around the blunt end of the dart. This would serve to close the space in the barrel of the blowpipe enough to allow the full force of air to be exerted against it instead of leaking around the dart. It also took the place of the feather on the usual arrow, to hold the dart on its course.

Before inserting the dart in the pipe, however, Chumbika cut a deep notch in it just behind the poison-covered tip, using the sharp teeth on the jaws of a piranha fish that hung at his waist. With the dart in the barrel, he lifted the blowpipe to his mouth, sighted briefly, then puffed out his cheeks. I heard absolutely

Had Jean the gift of second sight . . . *or did she just guess she'd have tender, tempting, melt-in-your-mouth Batchelors Peas that night, knowing that 4 of 6 discerning housewives prefer them? But how could she have foretold the handsome stranger . . .*

Spode China by W. T. Copeland & Sons Ltd.

3 SENSIBLE TABLE TIPS

PEAS & BACON MEDLEY. Cut up 3 rashers of bacon, 2 sticks of celery if available, 1 onion. Fry gently until soft but not browned. Stir in 1 level tablespoon flour, and then liquid from Batchelors Peas (large can). Simmer 10-15 mins. Add peas from can, heat thoroughly, and serve with potato border.

PEAS & CARROTS. Mix Batchelors Peas, drained, with an equal quantity of diced cooked carrots. Serve *HOT* sprinkled with chopped fried onion or fresh chives.

SCALLOPED PEAS. Mix a large can of Batchelors Peas, drained, with ½ pint of cheese sauce. Garnish with thinly sliced tomato, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under the grill.

Handsome Meal... Handsome Stranger!

"JEAN CAME TO OUR FANCY DRESS PARTY as a fortune teller, so we made her do a bit of crystal gazing. She told Audrey that a handsome stranger was coming into her life. We couldn't help laughing when a cousin of mine turned up unexpectedly. Jim is tall, dark and distinctly good looking. Jean also said she saw a superb dinner, and when I produced roast duck with Batchelors meltingly tender, tasty Peas, everyone began to wonder if Jean really was psychic! There certainly was magic around the house that night . . . . " Bring magic into your house today with delicious, work-saving Batchelors Peas.

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BPP23/80

Day begins in a headhunter's home. Baby is dressed, a warrior eats yuca from a palm-covered pot on the fire, a woman sleeps on the short wooden bed. By dawn all will be up and about

A quick puff, and a poison-tipped dart shoots from a hunter's blowpipe. It is accurate up to fifty yards

nothing, but I saw a flash of bright red in the trees ahead of us as a bird—a toucan—dropped to the ground.

At the end of another hour the hunter had four more birds—two pawils, a macaw and another toucan. He seemed reasonably pleased, and we headed for home. After walking for about twenty minutes, Chumbika, who was in the lead, stopped suddenly. In three quick motions the dart was fixed with cotton, notched and inserted in the blowpipe. A silent puff, and I heard a cry—sharp and almost human—from a tree ahead. Chumbika was already inserting another dart when I saw the spider monkey pull out the dart that had stuck in his chest and throw it away. He licked at the wound as three other monkeys swung closer to him, obviously wondering what had happened. There was a second cry and I saw another dart in a monkey on the right, without realizing that Chumbika had sent it on its way. He was readying a third dart when the other monkeys set up a chattering and scurried off through the trees.

Chumbika replaced the dart as the first monkey fell from the branch, just about two minutes after the dart had struck him. It was almost four minutes before the second monkey fell, and when we found them both we knew why. The first had been struck in the chest; the second in the thigh, and the poison had taken longer to paralyse the respiratory muscles. Both monkeys had, of course, pulled the darts out the moment they were struck. But each dart had broken off at the notch, just under the skin, so the poison remained to take its toll.

Roasted Entrails A Delicacy

Chumbika was obviously very happy over his kills. Monkeys are good to eat and their fur is useful, too, for headdresses, travelling pouches, and for a kind of Sam Browne belt worn by many Jivaros. I was as happy as Chumbika, for I had taken some good pictures and hunted vicariously with a blowpipe. Watching the young *curaka* as he waited, alert but relaxed behind the blind, listening to him imitate the birds, noting his quick, sure movements with his weapon, I could share his joy. He would go home pleased and proud. And almost every part of the game he took back to the *jivaria* would be used—the monkeys' meat and fur, the birds' feathers, flesh and even the entrails, which would be wrapped in a leaf and roasted as a great delicacy. At this point, my sharing of Chumbika's pleasure would come to an end.

I felt more at ease inside the *jivaria* on this second afternoon, because Chumbika was obviously not hostile any more. I wandered about, keeping away from the women's section only, and looked at everything that interested me. The big signal drum, or *tundui*, was suspended from the ridgepole so that it hung about three feet from the floor—not horizontal but at an angle. It was a hollowed-out log, about twenty inches or more in diameter. Both ends were solid, but a zigzag hole was cut in the top, much like the hole in any musical instrument with a resonating box. The drum could be heard for four or five miles, probably reaching a dozen other *jivarias* of the Huambisa tribe.

Make Pots Without A Wheel

Two women sat in the main section of the house making pottery jars. They had no potter's wheel, but the jars were remarkably symmetrical. From piles of clay near at hand, a woman took a big chunk and rolled it out until it made a long, thick rope of clay. She then placed this on top of the round structure she had started, pressed and smoothed it into place. Later the jars would be fired in a huge pile of brush until they were baked hard. They were quite brittle and broke easily, so the women were always at the task of pottery-making.

The constant and endless task, however, was principally the making of *nijimanche*, the Jivaros' beer. As I watched three old women busily preparing it, I wondered if I could ever drink the beverage again. The three sat cross-legged on the ground with a large jar of boiled yuca, which had first been peeled and cut in chunks, between them. With their hands they scooped up the warm, thick mass and plopped it into their mouths. Each woman chewed for a while, then spat out a long white stream, of astounding volume, into another jar. I had no idea one human mouth could hold so much.

Sometimes a woman took some yuca that had already been chewed and masticated it some more, spitting it into another jar. Obviously every bit of the yuca got thoroughly chewed and mixed with saliva. The digestive enzymes in the saliva converted the starch of the yuca into sugar, which would ferment. When a jar was filled it was covered tightly with leaves and set to one side. There were jars around the wall with *nijimanche* in various stages of fermentation. Since most adult Jivaros drink four or five quarts of *nijimanche* a day, with the children imbibing a good deal, too, it is obvious that several women must keep pretty steadily at the job of masticating yuca.

I never saw anybody really idle for very long, in fact. The Jivaros don't seem to work hard, but they rarely sit and do nothing at all. The men spin cotton thread or weave or make baskets, as well as hunt, fish or make war, and the women make pottery and *nijimanche* when they are not busy with gardening.

Work is divided according to the sex of the thing worked on, for, in the Jivaro view, everything is either male or female. Women do the cooking because fire is female, and they make the pots because clay is part of Mother Earth. Yuca, or manioc, is female, like most plants, so the women do the agricultural labour. The Jivaro word for yuca is *nama*. Cotton is one plant that is, for some reason, male. So the men spin and weave. Fibre is male, so men weave the baskets, but by some strange quirk, baskets themselves are female, so women must carry them.

It turns out that much of the heaviest labour is concerned with female things, and one might think that the men arranged affairs that way. In some accounts of the Jivaros, I have read that women do all the hard work and the men do almost nothing. But that is not what I saw.

Man's Job In The Jungle

I had just put in a pretty strenuous day hunting, for instance, and I knew that this was a short and easy hunt largely on my account. Sometimes the men go out for ten or fifteen days, sleeping in the jungle at night and covering scores of miles. Men chop down all the trees when a new clearing is made—no easy job when they tackle hardwood trees with their primitive tools.

The men also fight the wars of extermination and carry on the blood feuds, which are certainly no trivial tasks. Spinning and weaving are as strenuous as pottery-making and *nijimanche*-chewing. Women do carry the heavy loads, in large baskets supported by lines over their heads, when a family is travelling. But this is natural, for the men must be ready with weapons against attack or to kill game encountered on the way. And I have seen, many times, men helping their wives with heavy loads. If she can carry it, all right, if

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THE SWEET REPRIEVE

by ***CLEDWYN HUGHES***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

He thought his life was over —but now he had found the greatest joy he'd ever known

WILLIAM WATKINS had moved into old age at a time when crafts of every sort were ceasing to be virtues about the countryside. There were no youngsters coming along to be apprenticed to basket-making, dry-stonewalling, moss-pointing, and all the other trades which had once been essential in the parishes.

It was William Watkins's misfortune that his old age and this change in rural life should have occurred at the same time. Younger craftsmen had been able to adapt themselves; the saddlers made suitcases and footballs, the basket-makers became teachers at blind schools, the blacksmiths took to dealing with that oily indigestion which often attacks the heart of the best of tractors.

But William Watkins was a thatcher; there was no way in which he could adapt himself to the new conditions. He lived in a small cottage at the junction of two by-roads, which, in the seasons of the year, were banked with primroses and celandine, with vetches and dog roses, and with prancing honeysuckle. In this small house William Watkins had lived all his life, his father having been born in the same building. There was a well in the garden, the water of which tasted of some mineral salt. It was to this water that William Watkins attributed his great strength and tranquil mind.

Even before he reached seventy years of age, William Watkins had not enough work to fill his days and weeks. Now there were no stacks to be thatched, for the bales of hay were stored under Dutch barns or tarpaulins. There were no corn ricks, now that grain-threshing was done on the field by a portable machine, or by the great humming combines. The last house with a thatched roof had caught fire in a north wind and the new, modern-looking, architect-designed cottage which had come up from the ruins had had a covering of green composition tiles.

One of the last jobs that William Watkins had

Major Jones did not panic. Gently, carefully, he kept the unconscious old man balanced. He would have to pick him up and carry him down

"You've a real asset here," said the major. The warden nodded: "We are very careful of Mr. Watkins." Feeling awkward, the old man kept silent

to do was to cover a pigeon-house for Major Jones. This gentleman had taken the place of the old squire and farmed at the New Hall. He was the local rural district councillor and people's warden in the parish church. He was only a young man, a bachelor in his thirties, very advanced in his ideas of farming and very progressive on the local bench.

Major Jones had wanted the old pigeon-cote re-roofed and William Watkins had done it for him. It had only taken the old man a day to do it, but he had used rye thatch from his reserve of that material, and had bound the work with tarred string; altogether a sound and waterproof job which would keep out the slinging rain and the gentle snows. Major Jones had been very pleased and had paid William Watkins five guineas when he had only asked fifteen shillings. The old thatcher had wanted to refuse, but the major had made it a sort of command.

The pigeon-house had been roofed in June. That was the last work given to William Watkins by anyone in the district. After it was done, he took home his ladders and his spare straw, his knives and his rakes, his kneepads and his ropes. He stored them all in the outhouse at the back of the cottage and put the padlock on the door, something which had been used only once before; when he had ceased work for a week at the death of his wife twelve years ago.

SOMEHOW, in the evening of that June day, there was the same sort of sadness within him as there had been in that winter of twelve years ago. It was as if a shadow had fallen across the inside of him; some reflection from another world larger and more complicated, and possibly more sad than his own.

That night, as he opened the house door, he looked to the red-tile floor of the little hallway, hoping that perhaps a message had been left by someone. But there were only a few leaves of dried clover which had blown under the door from the field of second-crop which was being cut in the meadow beyond the house.

The old thatcher went in and sat down. He did not move out of the house for a couple of days. Then he started to tend his garden; after that he trimmed his hedges; then he cleaned out the pump well with a scoop and a rope and one of his thatching ladders; finally, he laid a crazy paving from the house to the main road.

After all these things had been performed there was nothing more to do. Now no one wanted this old man who could perform the most complicated and ancient of the rural crafts.

By the New Year, all William Watkins's savings had gone. In due course he had to apply for National Assistance. An inquiry was made into his circumstances; it was decided that he was incapable of looking after himself and must be moved to the Home for the Aged. That was the old workhouse up the valley; William Watkins was moved there when an early spring was giving unfailing green buds and south winds to the countryside.

The cottage by the two roads was let, and the money was taken by the authorities. The thatching tools were taken by William Watkins to the Home for the Aged. There they were given into the charge of the warden, he who had once been called the master.

William Watkins was fairly contented in the home. He had a bedroom to himself, and he learned to play dominoes so well that he was the master of all the old men at this. He tried, too, to learn chess, but found that his fingers were too stiff to pick out the men. At a concert in May he sang a folk ballad which he had learned from his mother. And in June he had to sing the same song over again for a man who was a collector of such ancient things.

But William Watkins was not happy. After a lifetime spent between the earth and the sky he found it difficult to adjust himself to walls and concerts and dominoes. Sometimes, when he had gone to bed, he would get up again and pretend to thatch the bed, using towels and pillow-cases bundled together to form imitation lengths of straw. These he bound down with the cord of his khaki dressing-gown.

The hardest thing he found to carry was the lack of respect. A man who had been a pig-killer came into triumph when the local pig, fed on the swill from the kitchens, was killed. And a plasterer was given glory when the roof of the little chapel fell in after heavy rain. But there were never any jobs for a thatcher.

IT was one day in September that the warden sent for William Watkins. It was a cold morning, when the first leaves were starting to fall in early frost, twittering against the panes of the great sash windows of the home. But the central heating had not yet started and William Watkins was glad of the long walk through the corridors.

When he arrived at the office, he saw that there was another man. For a moment he did not recognize Major Jones in the jodhpurs and riding jacket. But when the young man turned round and spoke, William Watkins felt a great warmth inside him.

"Hallo, Mr. Watkins, how are you this morning?"

The old thatcher had within his throat a hard place which seemed to take away his voice in a naughty fashion, so that all he could do was make a false whisper:

"Very well, thank you."

"I'm so glad of that. D'you know, that pigeon-house you thatched is weathering magnificently. The straw's turned a golden brown and everyone admires it."

William Watkins found his normal voice. "I am so pleased, sir."

"What's more, Mr. Watkins, it's going to last a century. You do your work too well."

William Watkins just nodded. The young major

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for life!

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ALONG MY LINE (6) *by Gilbert Harding*

I find beauty - and trouble - in sunny Cyprus

Straight from Bradford, Gilbert taught English on a fantastic island where wine was cheaper than water. He saw things that made him bristle and speak his mind—as usual

AS THE TRAIN PULLED OUT of Bradford's grimy station one dark day in 1929, I said childishly, "Cyprus, here I come." I was so anxious to get to my new appointment as English master at the Greek Gymnasium at Limassol that, although I could not really afford it, I travelled down to the island by the expensive short sea route rather than idle away time on the more economical passage from Southampton to Port Said.

Stopping in Paris (which I like) only to register my heavy baggage for Trieste (which I loathe), I raced down to the Italian port and embarked on the Martha Washington, a comfortable boat in which I had secured for myself one of the best cabins.

I remember how the booking clerk had stared at my poor scholar's cuffs when I inquired the price of a really good first-class cabin.

"The second-class berths are very comfortable," he said patronizingly.

"I didn't ask how comfortable or uncomfortable the berths are," I said angrily. "I only want to know which cabin is better than any other. If you can answer this question truthfully, for Heaven's sake do so."

Impoverished as I was, I had already made it my principle to get only the best of whatever was going. It is this meek acceptance of other people's advice that is ruining the spirit of so many so-called civilized people. Only by insisting on the best (if you are reasonably able to pay for it) are you likely to maintain any kind of civilization at all.

We arrived at Larnaca in the damp heat of August, a heat so frightful, so crushing, so completely flattening, that until one gets used to it one is quite incapable of doing a stroke of work. I was met by the island's Director of Education, Mr. Cullen, who, I am glad to say, understood my discomfiture perfectly. The first thing he said was: "I strongly advise you to spend a few days in the mountains." This suited me very well indeed, for a French lawyer, whom I had met on the ship, had told me that he intended to hire a car in which to tour the mountainous island. When he heard that I was free, he generously asked me to join him.

We soon left the vile heat of the towns and got up into the hills, driving through Platres

Gilbert taught Greek and Turkish boys in Cyprus. In London, he recently met one of his old pupils at the Turkish Lycée—Hassan Nihad, who owns the Romano-Santi restaurant

and Saitta to Troödos, known as Mount Olympus, six thousand feet above the dry, scorched plains. There were trees and waterfalls and it was always cool.

At Kykko we met the monks of the Greek Orthodox Church. These holy men, with their long hair and beards and black pot hats, were extraordinarily dirty but very pleasant.

Always ready with refreshment, they would pass you countless little cups of coffee and succulent sugar plums stuck on forks. As I took my ease in this Attic ancient world I found it hard to believe that less than a fortnight before I had been pounding the beat as a Bradford bobby.

At last I reported for duty. At the Greek Gymnasium, Limassol, I began teaching the boys English—a hopeless task since very few of them liked English or England. My pupils wore brown uniforms and caps with an owl badge on the front to remind them of Pallas Athene, Goddess of Wisdom. Tempted as I was to tell them that they hardly deserved to evoke her, I remained quiet until I was able to size things up better.

I had been introduced to the pupils by my predecessor, a Mr. Myrianthopoulos, who himself had completely failed to grasp English. Calling a boy to introduce me, he would say: "How you called and how old you are?" This at least produced an answer, whereas my questions: "What is your name? How old are you?" met with blank stares.

Enjoyed A Civilized Drink

I got on well enough with my colleagues though, and soon collected a few friends. My employers were the School Board, among whom was the local mayor, Mr. Hajipavlou. Anyone who has been to Cyprus—or anywhere in the Near East—will remember his brandy, which, in those days, he sold at two shillings a bottle.

One day I told the mayor that Cyprus was the most civilized place I knew when it came to taking a gentle drink in perfect surroundings. "What's more," I said practically, "it's so cheap."

"Ah, my friend," smiled he, "that is because there is no tax on alcohol. But milk and water are taxed."

"That is exactly my point," I said, rinsing my mouth with brandy. "Wine is cheaper than water."

Sometimes I would spend the night playing bridge at the English Club. My particular friends there were Canon Newham, and a married couple called Stone. The doyen of the club was Colonel Gallagher, ex-Chief Commandant of Police. I quickly managed to get in the bad books of that martinet. One day I was complaining heatedly about Mussolini locking people up without a trial. The rest of the club piously condemned the Fascist dictator's methods.

"Mind you," said a diehard, "the chap's done a lot of good. Smartened the country up no end. Have you driven along their new roads?"

Then I went, as it was afterwards put to me, "a bit too far." "Naturally, you people would approve of Musso," I said. "After all, you're not much better here, are you?"

Colonel Roared "Get Out"

This was a sore point. Since the religious and political agitations, everyone had become less tolerant towards native law-breakers.

Colonel Gallagher rose angrily. "Get out of the club, sir," he thundered. "We want none of your snivelling, long-haired Cambridge Communist nonsense here."

So out of the club I went. I was not the first or last person to be ordered to leave by Colonel Gallagher. The procedure was that it was *you* who apologized, not he. This drill was explained to me by the Stones, and I was soon reinstated into the colonel's good books. He was a nice old chap, really, and was later to prove a real friend to me.

I think it fair to say that the British Government had done its best for Cyprus. Unfortunately the principles of fair play and impartial justice, which Britain has always striven to maintain, were not invariably stuck to by certain officials and the native police.

The sort of thing I disliked was that, under government decree, habeas corpus was suspended as a result of the riots of 1931. The police had power to arrest anyone and hold him as long as they liked. Naturally the authorities were very sensitive about this and one was expected to keep one's mouth shut—a task I have always found difficult.

One day I was shown round a prison. Scores of scowling, resentful Greeks squatted in the sunlit quad. I did not like the spectacle of these proud men in such a predicament and told the native guard to take me away.

"But you must see this prize Communist," the guard grinned, and led me to a corner where a boy of seventeen sat in the shade alone.

"Hey, you!" shouted the guard. "Stand up." The boy ignored his command. "Stand up," shouted the guard, kicking the seated boy. He refused to move.

"Leave him alone," I told the guard. The boy looked up at me. Shame and nausea overwhelmed me. "Leave him, I say!" I repeated.

Whether the boy understood what I was saying or not I shall never know. But as I was protesting with the guard he slowly got up and, staring into my face, spat directly at me.

This so infuriated the guard that he punched the boy violently. "You should not have done that," I shouted angrily.

"What's the matter?" the man asked. "He's only a Communist."

Later I discovered the boy's "crime." He had been caught with a duplicated Greek translation of Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide To Socialism*.

With great reluctance I ran a football team at the gymnasium. The boys played very badly and always lost their tempers. One day a boy called Andreas Pappadoppolus got involved in a fight on the pitch and was hauled off by watching policemen. That was the last I saw of him for some time. On inquiring what the police had done with him I was told that he was being held in custody for creating a breach of the peace in a public place. I began to investigate.

The lycée at Nicosia, where Gilbert taught.

Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse invited Gilbert on board his flagship at Cyprus, mistaking him for a judge. "Now you're here, we'd better make the best of it," said Sir Roger when he found out

Police Arrested Footballer

"What is wrong with the boy?" I asked an official.

"He is a trouble maker."

"He wasn't making any trouble on the soccer pitch," I protested. "It was the others who ganged up on him."

"He created a breach of the peace."

"Rubbish," I said. "I shall get a lawyer to take up his case."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," said the official.

"Why not?" I asked.

"You might find yourself in trouble. You don't want to be branded as a trouble maker, too, do you?" That really angered me. I hate threats and innuendos.

I briefed a lawyer, and we went to court on the boy's behalf. Our defence was that the school's football pitch was not a public place. We won the case. But this did not stop the police from having their revenge. They closed the football ground on the pretext that it was a meeting-place for agitators.

After a year at Limassol, I took a long holiday and then went back to Cyprus to work in the

Lessons ended before noon to avoid the heat. Harding lived near the mosque in the background

Turkish Lycée at Nicosia. The chairman of my board there was an amiable and pleasant Turk called Munir Bey, who was very pro-British. Here I was much better off than at Limassol. I was provided with rooms at the lycée, the board going so far as to instal a bath-tub for me.

My routine was pleasant and simple. The Turkish boys were rather nicer than the Greeks in many ways. Some were, in fact, distinctly bright and intelligent—always a help in the harassing business of teaching. I had a comfortable time. Moslems never work on Friday. Since they did not expect me to work on Saturdays and Sundays, my working week began on Monday and ended on Thursday.

Perhaps "working" is too strong a word for the gentle somnambulance of those days at Nicosia. To avoid the terrible midday heat, lessons started at seven o'clock and finished at half-past eleven in the morning, when I would jog off to the English Club and drink pink gin. Then I wandered back to the school for a pleasant lunch of cheese and salad washed down by the good wine of the island. In the afternoon, I went to bed to avoid the merciless temperature. In the cool of the evening I would rise, change, and stroll back to the club for a weak whisky and soda, followed in my good time by dinner and bridge.

But I soon found that the government was wrong in thinking that all Turks were pro-British while all Greeks were not. The influence of Kemal Atatürk was strong. As the Greeks looked to Athens, so my new charges looked to Ankara.

When the authorities began planning their celebrations for King George V's Jubilee, the highlight was the ceremonial visit of the Fleet. Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse came to Cyprus flying (I believe this is the proper word) his broad pennant in H.M.S. Revenge. The usual exchange of visits took place. The ship's company was wined and dined ashore and then it was the admiral's turn to invite the most important Englishmen on the islands to a dinner party aboard Revenge.

I was in a group talking to the admiral in the English Club. The party included the island's commissioner, the harbour master and the judge, Judge Green. When the time came for him to go back to the ship, the admiral asked each one of us to dine with him next day. I thought it somewhat odd that Judge Green was not included in the invitation, but assumed that he must have been asked earlier.

"I'll send my barge," were the admiral's parting words.

Duly attired in borrowed tails, I joined the company, and we were piped on board the flagship. To my astonishment, the admiral introduced me to the company as Judge Green.

"I am not Judge Green, sir," I said.

"Who the devil are you, then?" snapped the admiral.

"Harding, sir."

"And what the devil do you do?"

"Teach English at the Turkish Lycée, sir."

"The devil you do. And what are you doing here?"

"You asked me to dinner, sir."

The admiral stared thoughtfully at me. "Oh, well," he said at last, "since you are here we had better make the best of it." And we did. We had a very good evening.

Soon after this I had to attend the funeral of the island's archbishop, a very old man. The weather is so hot there that when people die it is usual to bury them at once. But not the archbishop. He had to be kept for "proper" burial, seated upright in his chair.

The day of the funeral was extremely hot. I took my place near the corpse, sitting directly behind the governor's A.D.C., a young officer called Chadwick, who was dressed in a heavy scarlet tunic.

The burial service seemed interminable. I felt curiously detached from it all. I think it was the smell of burning incense, to which I was accustomed, that saved me from succumbing to the heat and the gruesome prospect of the dead bishop. But it upset the youngster in front of me. Suddenly I saw the wretched boy's neck go pale, then green. I tapped him on the epaulette, and got him out just in time. We found a cool bar, and drank the funeral out.

"I Adopted A Camel Orphan"

Many of my friends in Nicosia were Cypriots, but not all. There was, for instance, the head of the Forestry Department, a kindly old fellow whom I always enjoyed visiting for the pleasure and benefit of his good conversation. He had one violent prejudice, however—goats. There was in my time, and I believe there still is, a ceaseless war between the forestry people and the peasants who depended on their goats for milk and meat. There is nothing goats like to eat better than young trees. So the mere mention of these animals would upset him.

"Don't talk to me about goats," he would fume, growing purple with anger. "They are devils. Fiends. They are sent by the devil to eat my trees."

One day I showed him a photograph of a goat taken during a Turkish feast, and told him that I was seriously thinking of having one as a pet. That really got his goat.

For a while I really did adopt a camel, however. I lived in the heart of the old city, in the shadow of the cathedral of St. Sophia—now a mosque. Near my quarters was a great khan, or inn, where people used to put up their camels for the night. One day a boy told me that his camel had died, leaving a baby camel without a mother. So I took the little creature back to my rooms and fed him on milk, and shared my food with him until he got too big and smelly to have about the place, although he never went near the club and caused no embarrassment to anyone.

Then there was the baby donkey. I kept him under my roof for weeks, feeding him and giving him a little stall in the courtyard. When he needed exercise, I would take him gently by the ears and promenade him through the streets, talking to him as I would to any human friend. In the end, he had to go to carry tourists up the steep slopes to St. Hilarion. I never saw him again.

In Debt All Their Lives

Each morning when the barber came to shave me, I would be regaled with the latest gossip. It was very depressing. The people were desperately poor. The income of the average peasant was about £12 to £15 a year. So he would go off to the moneylenders and borrow up to £60 which he could never repay.

Nearly all the rich merchants were moneylenders, and nearly all the peasants had pledged their lives and their belongings to them. The really rich merchants found it convenient to live in Athens and have their bloodsucking done for them by agents.

The property laws were fantastic. It was possible for a man to own the land but not the trees on it; another might own the trees but not the fruit on them. Consequently there

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HORNBLOWER
OF THE ATROPOS

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

If McCullum died, the whole enterprise might fail. Hornblower could not risk that. The only man who could save him was the man who had shot him

A QUARTER OF A MILLION POUNDS lay at the bottom of Marmorice Bay, on the Turkish coast. Horatio Hornblower, captain of the little sloop Atropos, had orders to raise it—without a naval escort, and without starting a war with the Turks.

The job was going to be as delicate as it was dangerous, Hornblower brooded. The money, badly needed by the Admiralty, had gone down in the wreck of the transport Speedwell—and it lay in waters far deeper than any British diver could reach.

Still, he couldn't complain. The Admiralty had given him all the experts he could have wished for. There was Mr. McCullum, of the East India Company, dour and burly, in charge of salvage operations. There were three skinny Ceylonese pearl divers, able to go down to sixteen and a half fathoms; and there was George Turner, a wizened old sailing master, who had seen the Speedwell capsize and knew every inch of the Levant.

Hornblower wasn't enthusiastic about having civilians on board, but he had to put up with them. He also had to put up with two new and inexperienced members of the crew—a German princeling, Ernst of Seitz-Bunau, and his High Chamberlain, Dr. Eisenbeiss. "Mr. Prince," a nephew of George III, had settled down surprisingly well, but Hornblower was having the devil's own job to hammer some discipline into the touchy, pompous Eisenbeiss, who was making himself useful as the ship's doctor.

At Malta, Hornblower took "Mr. Prince" ashore to dine with the Governor. When he got back to the Atropos, disaster was written on every face. Eisenbeiss had provoked McCullum, the salvage expert, to a duel, and shot him through the lung. McCullum was unlikely to live more than a few days. Without him, the whole enterprise might fail ignominiously. . . .

Furious, Hornblower sent for Eisenbeiss, told him he would flog him and hang him for murder if he didn't keep McCullum alive till they reached Marmorice. Time was everything now: they sailed at dawn next day.

Hornblower turned to the sailing-master as the Mudir spoke. "Tell him," he said, "I'll give him five pieces of gold for news of the French"

PART 4

In Eastern Waters

THESE were the blue waters where history had been made, where the future of civilization had been decided more than once. Here Greek had fought against Persian, Athenian against Spartan, Crusader against Saracen, Hospitaler against Turk. Great cities had luxuriated in untold wealth. Only just over the horizon on the port beam was Rhodes, where a comparatively minor city had erected one of the seven wonders of the world, so that two thousand years later the adjective "colossal" was part of the vocabulary of people whose ancestors wore skins and painted themselves with woad at the time when the Rhodians were debating the nature of the Infinite.

Now, conditions were reversed. Here came Atropos, guided by sextant and compass, driven by the wind harnessed to her well-planned sails, armed with her long guns and carronades—from the wealthiest corner of the world into one where misgovernment and disease, anarchy and war, had left deserts where there had been fertile fields, villages where there had been cities, and hovels where there had been palaces.

But there was no time to philosophize in this profound fashion.

"Mr. Turner!"

"Sir!"

"We'll alter course when the watch is called."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Doctor!"

"Sir!"

"Stand by for a change of course."

"Aye aye, sir."

McCULLUM'S bed was disposed athwart ships between numbers six and seven carronades on the starboard side; a simple tackle attached to the bed-head enabled the level of the bed to be adjusted with the change of course, so that the patient lay as horizontal as might be, whichever way the ship might be heeling. It was the doctor's responsibility to attend to that.

The watch was being called.

"Very good, Mr. Turner."

"Headsail sheets! Hands to the braces!"

Turner was an efficient seaman, despite his age. Hornblower stood by and watched him lay the ship close to the wind. Still came and touched his hat to Turner to take over the watch.

The passage from Malta had been comfortingly rapid. They had lain becalmed for a single night to the south of Crete, but with the morning the wind had got up again from a westerly quarter. There had not been a single breath of a Levanter and every day had seen at least a hundred miles made good. And McCullum was still alive.

Hornblower walked forward to where he lay. Eisenbeiss was bending over him, his fingers on his pulse, and with the cessation of the bustle of going about, the three Ceylonese divers had returned, to squat round the foot of the bed, their melancholy eyes on their master.

"All well, Mr. McCullum?" asked Hornblower.

"Not—quite as well as I would like."

It was distressing to see how slowly and painfully the head turned on the pillow. The heavy beard that had sprouted over his face could not conceal the fact that McCullum was more hollow-cheeked, more feverish-eyed, than yesterday. The decline had been very marked; the day they sailed McCullum had appeared hardly more than slightly wounded, and the second day he had seemed better still and had protested against being kept in bed. But that night he had taken a turn for the worse and had sunk steadily ever since, just as the garrison surgeon and Eisenbeiss had gloomily predicted.

Of course, those had not been his only protests. McCullum had been as angry as his

McCullum was a very sick man. "It hurts—it hurts," he moaned. Hornblower gazed down at him, pity and exasperation conflicting within him

muddled condition would allow when he emerged from his narcotic to find he was under the treatment of the man who had shot him. He had struggled against his weakness and his bandages. It had called for Hornblower's personal intervention—fortunately Atropos was clear of the harbour mouth when McCullum regained consciousness—to calm him down.

"It's a blackguard's trick to pursue an affair of honour after an exchange of shots," Hornblower had said; and, "It's the doctor who's attending to you, not the baron," and then the clinching argument: "Don't be a fool, man. There's no other surgeon within fifty miles. Do you want to die?"

So McCullum had yielded, and had submitted his tortured body to Eisenbeiss's ministrations.

And now all that spirit had gone. McCullum was a very sick man. He closed his eyes as Eisenbeiss laid his hand on his forehead. The pale lips muttered, and Hornblower, stooping, could only hear disjointed phrases. There was something about "fuses under water." McCullum was thinking, then, of the salvage operation ahead. Hornblower looked up and met Eisenbeiss's eyes. There was deep concern in them. Eisenbeiss thought McCullum was going to die.

"It hurts—it hurts," said McCullum, moaning a little.

It was horrible, Hornblower thought, to see this magnificently constructed creature dying. It was equally horrible that Hornblower was aware that his deep sympathy was allayed with concern for himself. He could not imagine how he would carry through the salvage operation with McCullum dead, or even with McCullum as helpless as he was at present.

"Land! Land ho! Land on the starboard bow!" The cry came ringing down from the fore topmast head. No one could hear it without at least a little excitement. McCullum opened his eyes and turned his head again, but Eisenbeiss, stooping over him, endeavoured to soothe him. Hornblower's place was aft, and he turned away from the bed and walked back, trying to restrain himself from appearing too eager. Turner was already there, brought up from his watch below at the cry, and by the lee bulwark the other officers were rapidly assembling in a group.

"A good landfall, sir," said Turner.

"An hour earlier than I was led to expect," answered Hornblower.

"The current sets northerly here with steady winds from the west, sir," said Turner. "We'll raise Atairo in Rhodes to port soon, and then we'll have a cross-bearing."

"Yes," replied Hornblower. He was aware of his shortness of manner, but only dimly aware of

its cause; he was uneasy with a sailing master on board who knew more about local conditions than he did.

Atropos was shouldering her way valiantly through the short but steep seas that came hurrying forward to assail her port bow. Her motion was easy; she was carrying exactly the right amount of sail for that wind. Turner put a telescope in his pocket and walked forward to ascend the main shrouds, while Hornblower stood on the weather side with the wind blowing against his sunburned cheeks. Turner came aft again, his smile denoting self-satisfaction.

"That's the Seven Capes, sir," he said. "Two points on the starboard bow."

"There's a northerly set here, you say?" asked Hornblower.

"Yes, sir."

Hornblower walked over and looked at the compass, and up at the trim of the sails. The northerly set would help, and the wind was coming from the southward of west, but there was no sense in going unnecessarily far to leeward.

"Mr. Still! You can come closer to the wind than this. Brace her up."

Now here was the doctor, touching his hat to demand attention.

"What is it, Doctor?" asked Hornblower.

The hands were hauling on the maintack.

"May I speak to you, sir? It's about the patient. I think it is very important, sir."

"Oh, very well," said Hornblower, restraining himself from using bad language.

He led the way down into the cabin, and seated himself to face the doctor. "Well? What do you have to say?"

Eisenbeiss was nervous, that was plain.

"I have formed a theory, sir." He failed, as ever, with the "th" sound.

"And what is this theory?"

"It is about the position of the bullet, sir."

"The garrison surgeon at Malta told me it was in the chest cavity. Do you know any more than that?"

That expression "chest cavity" was an odd one, but the garrison surgeon had used it.

"I believe it may not be in there at all, sir," said Eisenbeiss, clearly taking a plunge.

"Indeed?" This might be exceedingly important news if it were true. "Then why is he so ill?"

Now that Eisenbeiss had committed himself he became voluble again. Explanations poured out of him, accompanied by jerky gestures. In this highly technical matter, he had been thinking in his native language even more than usual, and now he was having to translate into technical terms unfamiliar to him and still more unfamiliar to Hornblower, who grasped despairingly at one contorted sentence.

"You think that the bullet, after breaking those ribs, may have bounced off again?"

"Yes, sir. Bullets often do that."

"And where do you think it went then?"

Eisenbeiss tried to stretch his left hand far under his right armpit; his body was too bulky to permit it to go far enough to make his demonstration quite complete. "Under the scapula, sir—the—the shoulder-blade."

"Land ho! Land on the port bow!"

Hornblower heard the cry come down through the skylight from above. That must be Rhodes they had sighted.

"I can't stay down here much longer, Doctor. Tell me why you think this is the case."

Eisenbeiss fell into explanation again. He talked about the patient's fever, and about his comparative well-being the morning after he had been wounded, and about the small amount of blood he had spat up. He was in the full flood of his talk when a knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in," said Hornblower.

It was His Serene Highness the Prince of Seitz-Bunau, with a speech that he had obviously prepared carefully on his way down.

"Mr. Still's respects, sir," he said. "Land in sight on the port bow."

"Very well, Mr. Prince. Thank you."

It was a pity there was not time to compliment the boy on his rapid acquirement of English. Hornblower turned back to Eisenbeiss.

"So I think the bullet went round the back, sir. The skin is—is tough, sir, and the ribs are —are elastic."

"Yes?" Hornblower had heard of bullets going round the body before this.

"And the patient has much muscle. Much."

"And you think the bullet has lodged in the muscles of the back?"

"Yes. Deep against the ribs, sir."

"And the fever? The illness?"

They could be accounted for, according to Eisenbeiss's torrential explanation, by the presence of the foreign body deep inside the tissues, especially if, as was probable, it had carried fragments of clothing in with it.

"And you are trying to say that if the bullet is there and not inside the chest you might be able to extract it?"

"Yes, sir."

Eisenbeiss showed by his manner that he knew that those words had finally committed him.

"You think that you can do that? It means using the knife?"

Eisenbeiss had to think a long time over the phrasing of his answers. "It means using the knife," he said at length. "It means a difficult operation. I do not know if I can do it."

"But you hope you can?"

"I hope so."

"And do you think you will be successful?"

"I do not think. I hope."

"And if you are not successful?"

"He will die."

"But you think he will die in any case if you do not attempt the operation?"

That was the point. Eisenbeiss twice opened his mouth and shut it again before he answered.

"Yes."

Down through the skylight, as Hornblower sat studying Eisenbeiss's expression, came a new cry, faintly borne from the weather main-chains.

"No bottom! No bottom with this line!"

Turner and Still had very properly decided to take a cast of the lead; they were still out of soundings, as was to be expected. Hornblower brought his mind back from the situation of the ship to the decision regarding McCullum.

"So that is your opinion, Doctor. If you operate and fail you will only have shortened the patient's life by a few hours?"

"A few hours. A few days."

A few days might suffice for the salvage operation; but with McCullum as sick as he was he would be no use during those few days.

"What are the difficulties of the operation?" asked Hornblower.

"There are several layers of muscle there," explained Eisenbeiss. "Infraspinatus, subscapularis, many of them. In each case the—the threads run in a different direction. That makes it difficult to work quickly and yet without doing great damage. And there is the big artery, the subscapular. The patient is weak already and unable to withstand much shock."

"Have you everything you need for this operation if you carry it out?"

Eisenbeiss hunched his thick shoulders. "The two attendants—loblolly boys, you call them, sir—are experienced. They have both served in ships in action. I have my instruments. But I should like——"

Eisenbeiss clearly wanted something he believed to be difficult to grant.

"What?"

"I should like the ship to be still. At anchor. And a good light."

That turned the scale of the decision.

"Before nightfall," said Hornblower, "we will be at anchor in a landlocked harbour. You can make your preparations for the operation."

"Yes, sir." Again a pause before Eisenbeiss asked an important question. "And your promise, sir?"

Hornblower did not have to think very long about the question as to whether Eisenbeiss would work more efficiently or not if he were faced with the certainty of flogging and hanging if he failed. The man would do all he could out of sheer professional pride. And the thought that his life was at stake might possibly make him nervous.

"I'll take my promise back," said Hornblower. "You'll suffer no harm, whatever happens."

"Thank you, sir."

"No bottom!" called the leadsman in the chains.

"Very well, then. You have until this evening to make what preparations you can."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

With Eisenbeiss out of the cabin, Hornblower sat for hardly a moment retracing the grounds of his decision. His ship was entering Rhodes Channel and he must be on deck.

"Wind's come southerly a point, sir," said Still, touching his hat.

The first thing, of course, that Hornblower had noticed as he came up the companion was that Atropos was still braced up as close to the wind as she would lie. Still and Turner had

Continued on page 38

The Saint returns

ANOTHER GREAT JOHN BULL SUPPLEMENT

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IN JOHN BULL NOVEMBER 14

Ten thousand voices speak for the organ-tuner

by RONALD W. CLARK

One false note, and Henry James will find it. He needs a sharp ear for this job—and sometimes a strong nerve. There was, for instance, that ghost in the Albert Hall . . .

A STOCKY RUDDY-COMPLEXIONED north-easterner named Henry James was called recently to a London church where the organ was giving trouble. He juggled with the pedals, raised the bellows a few feet, and squeezed his way into the musty interior. Half an hour later he tried to get out. But the bellows had sagged, and he was trapped.

He called out, but got no reply. He shouted again—louder. After some minutes, his calls were heard by an assistant, who levered up the bellows until James could scramble clear. "If anyone had started the mechanism," he says, "I'd have been crushed to death."

But such mishaps are rare in the highly specialized craft of Henry Armstrong ("Jimmie") James. As one of Britain's 1,500 organ-builders, of whom 250, including James, are also organ-tuners, he looks after more than forty church and public hall organs on a regular round that covers most of southern England. About 15,000 organs, ranging from small village hall instruments to the giant 14,543-pipe Liverpool Cathedral organ, are maintained and repaired on a monthly basis by James and his fellow-craftsmen. Schools, hospitals and universities as well as churches are today equipped with organs, and James expects to be working soon on the new £50,000 all-electric instrument in the Royal Festival Hall, London.

Worked In Abbey At Night

Already he looks after two of the country's biggest organs—one at the Royal Albert Hall, which he visits weekly, the other at Westminster Abbey. He inspects the Abbey organ fortnightly, and claims to know it almost as well as his own living-room. He was responsible for its first tuning in 1937, when he had to work against the clock to get it ready in time for the Coronation. "During the day," he recalls, "the din inside the Abbey was like a shipyard. I had to work at night, listening to each note in turn."

James employs a combination of skills, and has to know something of carpentry, electrical engineering and pneumatic tubes. He has a highly developed sense of hearing which enables him to detect flaws and false notes in any of ten thousand pipes, each of which has its own distinctive sound. For this year's Coronation he sat through several Abbey rehearsals and made notes of any organ-sounds that were not quite

Henry James tests the flue pipes. Soon, he expects to be working on the £50,000 all-electric organ being built in the Festival Hall, London

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

When the Royal College of Organists holds an examination, Henry James is always present in case of a fault in the instrument. Here (right), he talks with William Walson, clerk of the college

true. He can usually tell at first hearing when a pipe is not "speaking properly."

A few days before the Coronation ceremony, he made a systematic final check of every part of the instrument. During the service itself he was on duty with his son, a twenty-eight year old former R.A.F. man, who has also become a professional organ-tuner. "We were in the triforium," James says. "I had an assistant in the great organ and another in the choir organ, just in case anything went wrong. Nothing did."

Most organs are tuned at sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and buildings in which they are installed are usually brought to this temperature at the request of the organ-builders. In general, James says, warm weather tends to make organs flat and cold weather to make them sharp. To counter climatic risks, James asked earlier this year that the Abbey heating should be left on until Easter, though the church was closed to the public.

Dirt, dust, lack of humidity and even rats and mice can also be responsible for organs going off-note. Six open water-tanks, holding fifty or sixty gallons each, are kept in the Albert Hall organ as an aid to humidity; the old method was to throw a bucketful of water on the floor. In one City church some months ago, James found that rats had eaten through the leather gussets of the organ reservoir in which the wind is kept. Still hungry, they had bitten through the metal conveyances taking the wind to the pipes.

Occasionally, he finds that pigeon-droppings have put a pipe off its note, and at Charterhouse School he localized the trouble in a pipe to a sparrow which had been trapped there and had died of hunger. On another occasion he was called to Ely Cathedral to investigate trouble in a thirty-two-foot pipe known as an ophicleide. He found a dead bat jammed in the narrowest part. "I had to cut away the pipe and resolder it," he recalls.

Woodworm and dry rot also cause many organ failures. A sixteen-foot pipe in a Scottish church organ was so devastated by woodworm that, instead of a note, only a puff of wind came from it. There was also the time when a tuner, called in to work on a newly installed organ in a church on the south coast, found that the floorboards just behind it had been completely eaten away by rot. His discovery saved the church several hundred pounds; organs cost from £800 for reconditioned specimens in small churches to £50,000 for giants like the one being built in the Festival Hall.

James's detective work now and then keeps him working alone, late at night, in empty churches. Not long ago he finished tinkering with the inside of a church organ in West London and climbed down to find he had been locked in. After a long search he saw that the only way out was through a narrow window high in the wall. He clambered up and then dropped into a builder's yard. "Luckily, no policeman saw me," he says, "and I was able to explain to the verger, who might have been suspicious to find one of his windows open."

He had to talk himself out of a similar tight corner a few months ago. He was working in a famous Wren church when a passing constable, noting the light from the windows, and hearing the long-drawn-out sound of an organ-note, began battering on the door. James, in his shirt sleeves, opened it. "I don't know what he expected to find," he says now. "But I found it hard convincing him that everything was above board. It must have seemed eerie to him, for midnight was striking as we talked."

In the background, one of the larger pipes in the Albert Hall organ. In James's hand is a small one—little bigger than a cigarette

Assistant Was Terrified

The musty loneliness of organ-lofts doesn't worry James as a rule. One evening in the Albert Hall, however, one of his assistants appeared white-faced, and swore he had seen the ghost of a man walking along one of the organ gangways. On another occasion, when James had decided to work overtime to have the Stafford Parish Church organ ready for a service, his assistant called out from the organ-loft. He was pale and shaking. "There are people walking all round this place," he said huskily. "I can feel and see them."

James, a cheerful optimist of sixty, told the young man to pull himself together. "You go below," he said confidently. "I'll finish things up here."

He had no sooner started work, however, than he was aware of movement near him. "There *did* seem to be people walking about," he recalls. "It may have been the seats creaking. It could have had something to do with the light. Anyway, we decided not to stay and finish the job that night after all."

To tune and test the entire works of the Albert Hall organ would take James a month's solid labour. On his weekly inspections, therefore, he makes for the notes he thinks most likely to need attention. Any one of the ten thousand may give trouble. The biggest of these is nearly forty feet high and the smallest is cigarette-size. James can climb inside many of the larger ones, which are nearly two feet across. "Some are reed pipes and others flues," he explains. "The flues produce their notes by setting air pressures in motion between a slit and an edge, and the reeds work through the movements of a solid vibrator."

Biggest Pipes Deafen Him

James has been interested in organs since boyhood. He recalls the time, in his early career, when the Albert Hall organ mechanism was operated by a steam engine. "We could tune-up on Mondays only, when a good head of steam was specially raised." Today, thirty-seven-horse-power motors drive compressors that provide the wind.

Once, he and several other tuners had to alter the Albert Hall organ from continental to philharmonic pitch—from 517.3 to 522 vibrations a second; a marathon job this, it meant that every note had to be sharpened slightly. "We had to shorten every one of the ten thousand pipes—some by several inches and others by only a fraction."

During major jobs like this, James often suffers from a tremendous buzzing in the ears caused by the almost deafening noise from the biggest pipes. But his hearing is still as acute as ever it was. He says that many youngsters who serve their five-year apprenticeship as organ-builders fail in their ambition to specialize in tuning, because they have not the ear the job demands.

Once, as a young tuner, he was sent to prepare a new organ in Belfast Cathedral. A girl showed interest in his work and they began talking. "Some time later, I returned to give the cathedral organ a special tuning. Next day, we got married there." THE END

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AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

Continued from page 17

not, the man helps. A Jivaro woman is no cringing creature, by any means. She is a person of importance in the family and the clan, even if she doesn't run things. And there is a great deal of affection between husbands and wives.

That evening, after eating, I hoped that I could talk to Chumbika about head-hunting. Through José, I asked Chumbika how many heads he had taken. I saw him stiffen, but he answered with his fingers—four. That was not bad for a young man, I thought. I asked if he had a shrunken head, a *tsantsa*, that I could see. He shook his head violently and looked quite angry. Suddenly he started talking, loudly and venomously, to José. In a few minutes I had the story.

Two months before, just after they had moved to the new *jivaria* following the death of their chief Cajeke, a white trader had come through. He was looking for *tsantsas*. Both Peru and Ecuador have passed laws against any buying or bartering of *tsantsas*. The Jivaros are not expected to know about or pay attention to such laws, but the traders are. Still, unscrupulous traders try to get them, for they bring a good price in what might be called the souvenir black market.

Exploded In His Hands

Jivaros do not treasure their *tsantsas*. After they have shrunk the heads and gone through the long and complicated feast celebrating it, the *tsantsa* holds little meaning for them. It is not really a trophy, like the mounted moosehead of the sports hunter. Except for those Jivaros near white settlements, with their market for *tsantsas*, the Indians do not hoard them.

But when the trader came to Chumbika, the young *curaka* still had his last head. When the trader offered, after a good deal of bickering, to exchange a shotgun for the head, Chumbika agreed, especially since a box of ammunition was included in the deal. The chief had long wanted a shotgun.

The trader took his head and went happily on his way. The next day, Chumbika loaded and shot his gun. It exploded and burned him badly. The nasty scars I had noticed were black powder burns.

I was the next white man Chumbika saw, and his first thought was that I was another trader looking for *tsantsas*. When I heard the tale, I didn't wonder that he had glared at me. I was surprised that he had allowed me in the *jivaria* at all or bothered to let me go on living. His acceptance of me, even though grudging and unfriendly at first, was a convincing indication of the essential hospitality and decency of the Jivaro, I thought. I wondered how many civilized white men would have refrained from revenge of some kind.

Defying The Thunder

The next morning the skies were overcast. To the south-east there were black clouds gathering, and I knew that I would get no pictures that day, unless the storm was a quick one that passed and left blue skies. If it rained, there would be little activity around the *jivaria*.

There was a rumble of thunder; Chumbika came out of the *jivaria* with the older man who had sat beside him the first evening. He was the witch-doctor, called by the Jivaros a *wishinu* or *brujo*. He looked at the black cloud, listened while thunder rolled again, and jumped when he saw a flash of lightning. Suddenly he shouted angrily at the sky, turned, and went inside the *jivaria*.

In a moment, I heard the booming sounds of the *tundui*, the big drum, answering the thunder—a crashing boom followed by quick, lighter booms, very much like thunder itself. Then the *wishinu* reappeared, his monkey-fur headpiece on his head, his face painted red and streaked with black. In his hands he held a lance and a round shield made of wood covered with hide.

In a high, piercing voice he cried out at the black cloud and shook his lance at it threateningly. He started what seemed to be almost a dance, stepping forward with a hard thrust of the lance, a step back, another attack and blow with the lance. And all the time he chanted a loud series of imprecations at the cloud. Then he blew as hard as he could into the air, blew against the cloud.

I realized that the black cloud might well lie over the land of the Aguarunas, to the south-east, and the Aguarunas were the old, old enemies of the Huambisas. The storm, the black cloud with its thunder and lightning, were the work of an Aguarunas *wishinu*, a threat against the Huambisas, whose *wishinu* was now exerting his powers to ward off the danger.

For half an hour he shouted and danced and threatened, but I felt sure his efforts were hopeless, for the wind was blowing from the direction of the cloud. It grew larger and came closer. As the lightning and thunder increased, the old man's shouting grew louder, his lance-thrusts and puffings more violent.

Even when the rain began to fall, the *wishinu* kept on with his defence of his clan, most of whom returned to the *jivaria*. I did, too, but it was easy to see him at his work through the spaces between the upright poles of the house.

It rained for about ten minutes. The thunder grew louder, the lightning flashed. Then the noise and the black cloud drifted on past us, and gradually the rain diminished, finally stopped.

Everyone went outside again. The *wishinu* sat on a log, exhausted but happy. I was surprised to see him so pleased with himself, for I thought he had failed to keep the storm away. But no. The opposing *wishinu* was very strong, and the storm had come. But our *wishinu* had kept the lightning from striking, hadn't he? The clan was safe.

There was a good deal of drinking of *nijimanche* after the storm, and many of the Jivaros became quite gay. A dance started, both men and women taking part, to music supplied by a small skin-covered drum and several flutes that gave out a rather mournful and dreary tune, to my ears, but which obviously stimulated the Indians. Women had put on their shell belts that tinkled merrily as they shuffled about holding hands.

Spirits In The Tree

As I wandered about the clearing, watching the work that went on, I saw a man making a blowpipe, and, through José, learned a good deal about the process. He was not far from the end of the long and painstaking task. His blowpipe rested on two forked branches stuck in the ground seven or eight feet apart, as he worked on the final smoothing of the bore of the pipe.

He had started many weeks before, cutting down a chonta palm—a tree that has not only a hard, straight-grained wood but also strong, helpful spirits to make his weapon effective. In order to please and placate these spirits the warrior abstains from certain foods during the entire period of manufacture of the blowpipe. He cannot have sexual relations with his wife. If he should disobey these injunctions, the wood is likely to warp or crack after the pipe is made.

The felled chonta palm dries for a week, after which its sharp *tunchi* (thorns) are cut off. In other connections these thorns are significant, for the Jivaro believes they are the darts sent by evil spirits to make men sick. He is convinced of this truth, because he has seen his own *wishinu* suck at the focus of pain of a sick man and then remove a thorn from his mouth.

The Indian splits the trunk in half and cuts out two long strips, where the grain is straightest, about three inches square. These are the two halves of his blowpipe. Each half is trimmed and shaped carefully so that it is flat on one side and forms a half-circle on the other, tapered evenly from one end to the other. When the flat sides are placed together, he has a long, round cylinder, about an inch and a quarter in diameter at one end and three-quarters of an inch at the other end.

Boring Blowpipe Barrel

Next, the Indian places one strip on the rack made by the forked sticks, flat side up. With a sharp bone or shell he cuts a groove down the length of the stick, perfectly straight and right in the middle. The same operation is performed on the flat side of the second stick. Each groove is then gradually enlarged with a bone or sharp tooth, the warrior using the greatest patience and care to keep the groove straight.

When each groove is just under an eighth of an inch deep, he puts the two pieces together around a straight, round chonta rod he has prepared, somewhat longer than the blowpipe. Strips of bark bind together the two halves of the blowpipe that still don't quite meet.

The Jivaro I watched had reached this stage of manufacture. I saw him pour water and fine sand in one end of the blowpipe, then work the long

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B

PETER and Jane, his wife, sang merrily as they drove through the deserted streets in the early hours of Sunday morning. In the back seat, John joined lustily in the chorus.

It had been a very successful party, thought Peter. And John wasn't such a bad chap after all, when you got to know him. It had been only reasonable to offer him a lift for part of his way home.

The car reached the end of Peter's road. As he drew into the kerb, he said over his shoulder: "Well, here we are, John, old fellow. If you walk down to the main road, you'll probably find a taxi to take you the rest of the way."

John grunted. "I say," he protested, "it's two o'clock. I won't find a cab at this hour. Why don't you lend me your car? You won't need it in the morning, will you?"

Before Peter realized it, he had confessed that he wouldn't be using his car. No plausible excuses came to him, and to refuse point-blank would have been ill-mannered and mean.

Then he had an idea. "Well, I don't like lending my car," he declared. "But if you're really serious, John, we can make it a business proposition. Give me £5. If you return the car after lunch—exactly as it stands—you can have your money back, less the cost of the petrol."

But, to Peter's dismay, John accepted, and five minutes later Peter and Jane shivered on the pavement as they watched the rear light of their car disappearing down the road.

Sure enough, John returned the car at 3 p.m. Peter was just fumbling for the cheque to return it when he noticed the dent in the mudguard. A second look showed him that one hub-cap was missing, and a glance inside the car confirmed his worst fears. There was a tear in the upholstery.

Peter set his jaw—and refused to return the cheque. The contract had not been fulfilled, he said.

John promptly announced that he intended to stop the cheque. "The contract wasn't legal," he argued. "I was drunk at the time."

"Nonsense!" snapped Peter. "You knew exactly what you were doing."

"What's more," retorted John, "there's nothing in writing. You can't take it to law."

"Rubbish!" said Peter, with slightly less conviction.

"And there's one more thing," sneered John, with the air of someone producing a trump card. "The whole affair took place on a Sunday. Anyone knows that a cheque dated on a Sunday is quite useless."

"We'll see about that," was Peter's parting remark. He decided to sue, but he had a nasty feeling that he had been completely fooled.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 41

2.

one of those enchanted evenings when it's impossible not to feel romantic.

Hugh said he was quite swept off his feet by my new dress - and he certainly swept me off mine by bringing me a box of those divine Black Magic chocolates - he knows I can't resist those centres - and th

THE REST OF THE STORY

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rod slowly and carefully back and forth, enlarging and smoothing the bore. More sand, more water, and more careful manipulation of the rod. After a time he tied the bark strips tighter around the two halves and went back to the sand and water routine. When I left, two days later, he had just finished the sanding. The two halves of his blowpipe fitted snugly together, and the bore was as straight as a plumbline, as shiny as a mirror.

He would continue his work by gluing together the two halves with a quick-drying latex and wrapping the outside, from one end to the other, with long strips of fibre from the ivory nut palm. A coating of latex over this is smoothed with a warm machete blade. A waxy resin is melted together with the juice from a small fruit that turns it black, and this is the final coating, polished until it has a high gloss.

Finally, the Indian carves a bone mouthpiece about two inches long, fits it tightly to the large end, sticks two small animal teeth on the top of the barrel to serve as sights, gives a final polish to the bore with cotton, and his weapon is ready—accurate up to about fifty yards, capable of sending a dart through a half-inch board at ten feet.

Talk By The Firelight

It was my last evening with the Huambisas in the *jivaria* of Chumbika. Night comes quickly in the tropical jungles. One moment we were sitting in the half-light of the house, looking out through the slotted walls at the red light of a bright sunset. The next moment we were plunged in darkness, diluted only by the wavering lights cast a few feet around each of three low fires.

I had been searching for some way to get Chumbika to tell me about the four heads he had taken. I hesitated to mention the subject because he had seemed so reluctant to talk about it—perhaps because of his recent unpleasant experience in connection with his last *tsanta*, perhaps because it brought to his mind an unpleasant memory or an unfulfilled obligation.

But most Jivaros are not introspective or moody. They spend little time regretting the past or worrying about the future. They live in the present, and they find it good, most of the time, even though filled with dangers.

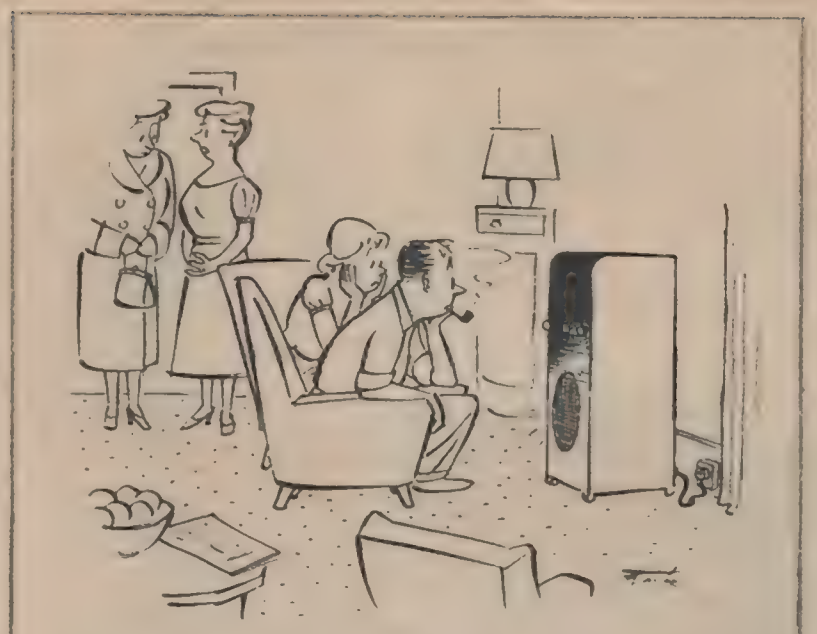
The dangers are, in their minds, largely unseen. They fear the *inguanchi*, the demon or evil spirit, but not the jaguar, the white man, or the Jivaro enemy. The Jivaro world abounds with spirits, some good but most bad. As many things as there are in the world—trees, animals, plants, birds, rivers, fish, butterflies, ants, clouds, earth, and the shining things in the sky—that is how many spirits there are, and more. How could I hope to discern what might be troubling a Jivaro?

Choosing Of A Chief

At any rate, I avoided the subject of head-hunting. Instead, I asked Chumbika to explain how he, a relatively young man—about thirty, I guessed—came to be *curaka*. By this time, José was more at home with the Jivaro tongue, and translated easily.

Chumbika said that a *curaka* was not a real ruler or chief. He did not dictate to his family or clan or tribe. He was merely a generally acknowledged leader, respected by others in the clan. His father had been *curaka*, a great and brave *curaka*. That did not necessarily mean that he, Chumbika, would succeed him just because he was Cajeke's son. But the sons of *curakas*, if they were old and experienced enough, were chosen quite frequently.

The choosing was not done by the clan, but ostensibly by the *wishinu*, the witch-doctor. He drank *nateema*, the narcotic, and under its spell dreamed dreams, communicated with the spirits of the Old Ones, and learned who should be the next *curaka*. I guessed that the *wishinu*, even if



"Our TV is away being repaired!"

convinced of the supernatural nature of his act, generally selected as *curaka* the man most respected by the clan.

Chumbika remarked that if he had lived, his elder brother would no doubt have become *curaka*, because he was very brave, a great warrior with eight heads to his credit. Chumbika's brother had died only a few months before old Cajeke. "The *wishinu* of the Aguarunas killed him," Chumbika said, suddenly hot and angry.

"In war?" I asked.

"No, the *wishinu* caused a tree to fall on him," Chumbika said, "while he was walking with me in the forest. He tried to make it kill me, too, so that both sons of Cajeke would be dead. But he was strong enough to kill only one."

"Death Is No Accident"

I was in the realm of witchcraft now. I suggested that sometimes trees just fall because they are dead, or undermined by flooding waters. Perhaps it was an accident that the tree fell as Chumbika and his brother passed beneath it.

"Death is never an accident," Chumbika replied. "Nothing is an accident. Everything that happens has a cause, and death above all, because death is not natural. Life is natural. Life is what we all have, what everything has. When life is taken away, someone must take it, as the enemy *wishinu* took life from my brother."

"If a Jivaro dies from disease," I asked, "was his life taken by a *wishinu*?"

"Not if he dies from sicknesses the white man has brought us," Chumbika said, and he smiled as if to exempt me personally from any charges he might make against white men. "Of course, all white men, all other people, were *Shuaras*, as we call our people, once. All living creatures were *Shuaras*—birds and animals and fish. The souls are in other bodies, that's all.

"But the creatures, and the white people, no longer understand these things. You do not see the truth, that life is natural and death caused only by the power of an enemy's demon. You have found for yourselves many troubles and many sicknesses we do not have. You bring them to us, and we die from them. No enemy *wishinu* can do that to us."

Went Into A Trance

I could not argue with him, nor did I want to. I wanted to try to understand. So I asked how he knew who caused his brother's death, since his brother, like all Jivaros, no doubt had many enemies.

Chumbika pointed to his *wishinu*. "He learned. He told me."

I knew that the *wishinu* had drunk *nateema*, gone into his narcotic trance, and decided on a very safe answer in designating a *wishinu* of the ancient enemy tribe, the Aguarunas.

"Now I must kill him and take his head," Chumbika said quite matter-of-factly. That meant a renewal of the war that had never really stopped but had occasional truces. Some time, perhaps months from now, Chumbika himself would drink *nateema* to learn if the time was right to strike.

If the spirits assured him that it was, he would summon as many as possible of his fellow Huambisas. The warriors would fast, go through the ritual required before a war, and then slip through the night to raid the Aguaruna *jivaria* in which the unknowingly guilty *wishinu* lived. They would wait outside the clearing until *nijimanche*, that drink consumed in such large quantities by all Jivaros, drove some Indian to his death and opened the door to death for many of his fellows.

The Jivaros drink so much of their slightly intoxicating beverage that they usually find it necessary to get up one or more times during the night to go outside and relieve themselves. This is the moment for the waiting enemies to attack, kill the unsuspecting night-walker, and rush into the *jivaria* through the door left open.

Snatch Enemy's Women

The Huambisas would cut off as many heads as possible, perhaps snatch some of the girls and younger women, and hurry away before other Aguarunas came to help their fellows. In time the heads would be shrunk and the great *tsantsa* feast held. Then, and only then, would the spirit of Chumbika's brother rest in peace instead of wandering about in torment.

Chumbika believed all this as fervently as he believed that it was *nijimanche* he drank at that moment. He did not stop to think, now, that after his raid, Aguaruna brothers and sons would feel obliged, by their deepest religious convictions, to make war on the Huambisas in order to avenge and bring happiness to *their* relatives' souls.

And there was always the chance, of course, that the raid would not work out as planned. The Aguarunas might have some foreknowledge of the attack and defend themselves bravely, killing Chumbika and many of his party and taking their heads. In that event the Huambisas would have two or more deaths to avenge. One thing was sure—the war would go on as long as Jivaros held to their supernatural beliefs.

It was not easy for me to go to sleep that night. I knew more than I had known before about why a man cuts off another man's head, shrinks it to the size of his fist, and then dances around it. Although what I had learned was dispiriting, I wanted to know even more. I had not penetrated very deeply into Chumbika's feelings, perhaps because at this moment—more than half a year since his brother's death and perhaps half a year before his raid on the enemy—his feelings were not deeply stirred.

My dreams were not pleasant that night, and I was still rather depressed the next morning as I said goodbye to my friends. With José at my side, I talked for a few minutes with my seven-year-old friend Tzitzinga, who had given me my first smile of friendship in a headhunter's home. I felt closer to him, somehow, after learning from José that morning that he was the son of Chumbika's brother, who had been killed by the falling tree.

I thanked him for his friendship and for talking to me. And I told him I hoped he would learn to slip through the forest silently and swiftly, to know the tracks of all animals, the calls of all birds, so that he would be a great hunter when he grew up.

Boy Who Seeks Revenge

He stood as straight as a chonta tree and looked at me seriously. With his eyes flashing, he spoke and José translated. "A great hunter, yes, that is fine. But most of all I want to be a great warrior when I grow up, so that I can avenge my father's death and take many Aguaruna heads."

There is a postscript to this chapter. José and the bearers and I walked back to the shore of the Santiago River and met the launch as had been arranged. But we did not go directly back to Borja. Down the river, about thirty miles, we stopped again and walked through the jungle to a *jivaria*—belonging to the Aguaruna tribe. I wanted to see these bitter hereditary enemies of my friends the Huambisas.

There are many Jivaro tribes and sub-tribes, of course, with a total population of about twenty thousand, in an area of about twenty-five thousand square miles, the largest Indian group in the entire Amazon basin. There are numerous ancient enmities, and always new ones, rarely a burying of the lance. I had come to know, however, only the people of one sub-tribe, and now I wanted to see their enemies.

The Aguarunas we met were reserved but hospitable, and in a very short while quite friendly. Obviously they had suffered no recent unpleasantness at the hands of a white man.

To me, they looked just like the Huambisas—about the same size, the same light brown colour, with the same dignity and independent spirit. They wore the same kind of *itipis* and dresses, the same hair-dos and adornments. José said their talk was just the same, not even a slight difference of dialect. Their *jivaria* might have been a duplicate of the one in which I had spent several nights, and their blowpipes and lances were identical. The *wishinu* even wore a monkey-fur headpiece, and I wondered if this man might be the one that Chumbika had singled out to kill.

Traded Shrunken Head

The *curaka* was a different sort from Chumbika. He was about fifty-five, a little plump, full of smiles, and very friendly. When I talked to him about headhunting, he was willing to answer any questions I asked. And he had two *tsantsas*, one of which he traded to me for three excellent machetes.

It was the size of a big fist, as I had been told. The features were all there in good shape, except that the chin and forehead both receded much more than in any Indian I had seen. I looked at the chonta pins through the lips, with chambira fibres hanging from them—put there to keep the hot stones and sand from spilling out when the head was shrunk. The black hair was long and remarkably lustrous.

In the launch, going back to Borja, I kept looking at it and asking myself, "Will this be Chumbika next year, Tzitzinga in fifteen years' time?"

NEXT WEEK: I meet Peruche—a killer with a heart of gold. The photographs in this article are from the film "Jungle Headhunters" which Lewis Collow made during his explorations in South America. It is distributed by RKO Radio Pictures

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ALONG MY LINE

Continued from page 23

was a great passion for litigation. Human life was held in small account. Each week would bring news of some new murder, often committed for some trivial reason. The government was gravely concerned over the number of death sentences which had to be passed.

Sometimes I would be invited to dinner at Government House. This was always an amusingly formal and pompous proceeding. There was a good deal of fuss about precedent, agriculture taking precedence over public works, and so on. Since I did not come under any government category I found myself at the bottom of every list, the last to enter and the last to leave—not always a bad thing, and certainly a curb on an ego with a tendency to elevate itself.

A certain amount of lustre was added to my status after I became "Our Correspondent" for *The Times* of London. I cannot have provided that venerable newsheet with any scoops, for about the only thing I seem to remember doing in my capacity of *Times* correspondent was to interview Jean Batten when she touched down at Cyprus on her solo flight from Australia to England. I drove over to the so-called airport (it was no more than a landing strip) and went through the usual fatuities of all such contrived and arbitrary interviews.

I cannot remember what the flyer said or what I wrote, but I rather feel that she reached London almost before my note got to the newspaper.

The Test That Failed

One of my jobs on the island was to teach English to native policemen. At the end of the course there would be an examination and I was on the board of examiners. One day we were due to put a dozen or so policemen through their paces. It was terribly hot, so I suggested to my colleagues that we might shorten the proceedings by giving each candidate an oral exam instead of sweltering through the dreary business of paper work.

They agreed to this, and I was asked to devise a test.

The first candidate came in, saluting smartly. Feeling very pleased with myself, I said: "Go out into the courtyard and collect six pebbles. Bring them in here and put one in each of your two pockets. Give one to me, put one on the mantelpiece, and give one to each of my two friends." Saluting smartly, he went to do as he was told.

After a while he came back and carried out my instructions perfectly.

"Seems to be working very well," a colleague remarked.

"Good," I said. "Now let us have the next one in. I'll ask the questions again if you don't mind."

"Do you think she heard what we said about her?"

So the second policeman was sent for. He also saluted smartly and waited for instructions. To him I said: "Go to the bookcase behind you. Take one book out of the top shelf, two out of the middle shelf, and one from the bottom. Open the last book on page ninety-six and read what it says on the fifth line."

The man saluted smartly, turned on his heel and left the room, leaving us examiners to gaze in bewilderment at the shut door. After a long interval he re-entered, carrying six pebbles which he began to hand round.

We decided that my brainwave would not do at all. In spite of the heat, we went back to more orthodox methods.

Working for *The Times* gave me a taste of journalism, and when I received the half-promise of a job elsewhere in Fleet Street, I decided to hurry home.

Some Russian people who worked at Skouriotissa had promised to arrange a passage for me in a freighter, but when I got to the port I found that they had done nothing about it. By chance I heard of a berth going in another ship and this led to a wild dash across the island to Pathos, where I caught the ship as it was about to cast off.

Only when I got aboard did I realize that the ship was going in the other direction, to Port Said, at which delectable port I had to hang about for several more days till I got a passage in a Dutch boat..

I had been assured that this was a freighter, and I was somewhat put out to find, when it docked, that it was a magnificent passenger boat.

The first night aboard I found an officious Dutch steward barring my way into the saloon. He informed me that I would have to go back to my cabin and dress for dinner. I told him not to be such an ass.

A crowd began to collect round us as I continued to protest against this arbitrary ruling, which was all the more galling because I did not have a dinner jacket just then. On being told for the tenth time that I would not be allowed into the saloon without a dinner jacket, I demanded to see the captain.

I pointed out to him that his contract of passage compelled him to give me victuals and drink but did not say when or where I was to eat them or what I was to wear to eat them in. So they gave way. I spent the rest of the voyage to Southampton feeling bloody but unbowed.

I presented myself at *The Times*, where nobody seemed at all interested in having their "Own Correspondent" from Cyprus so suddenly transported to their very doorstep. And my half-promised job elsewhere turned out to be all promise and no fact.

So for a while I "stayed with people"—that dreary genteelism which usually denotes the unwanted house guest—eking things out with no visible means of support. It was not long before I began to get really fed up with having no money. It had not mattered too much in Cyprus, but it did matter now. Soon I would be thirty years old, and what had I to show in the way of material success? Precious little, I feared, and I did not enjoy the idea in any way.

One day I was dining with a rich stockbroker friend who had just received a hot tip. Halfway through the meal he was called to the telephone. He came back rubbing his hands, having made a lot of money not only for himself but for two other guests. His wife, noticing how fed up I looked, said: "Don't let's talk any more about money. You know how it only annoys Gilbert."

To which my friend replied: "Very well then. I shall make him some."

I smiled sourly. "Rot," I said. "You can't make money if you haven't any in the first place."

"We shall see," said my host, and we changed the subject and went on with the meal.

A week or two later my friend sent me a cheque for well over £100 with a note saying, "It isn't as big as I thought it would be but it's all yours."

Money From Nothing

I immediately rang him up. "I can't possibly accept that money," I told him, with mixed feelings.

"Don't you want it?" my friend asked.

"Of course I want it," I said, "but how on earth am I entitled to it?"

"That's simple," chuckled the stockbroker. "After dinner that night I lent you some money and followed up a hunch with it. The hunch came off, I've paid myself the money back, and the cheque I sent you is the gravy."

"You must have been barmy," I said, "to put your name to such a loan in the first place."

"Do you mean the original sum I lent you?" asked my friend. I said that I did. "Oh, that's all right," said the stockbroker airily. "I didn't actually have to write out a cheque. It was all done over the telephone."

"So that's what is known as flying a kite?" I asked wonderingly.

"More or less. Goodbye."

"Wait," I said. "If I return this cheque you sent me, will you put the money on another hunch?"

"Certainly not," my friend said. "You can't be lucky all the time. Take my advice and keep well away from stockbrokers."

NEXT WEEK: I make my début at Broadcasting House

KILLER IN THE SADDLE

Continued from page 13

was speaking to him. On the far side he saw Daykin mounting Fancy Jack, a big bay with a handsome head and a wicked eye.

As he settled himself in the saddle, Sheppey looked about him at the other horses. He'd seen most of them before, on other courses — Cat's Whisker, Prince Palatine, the mare Merry Lass with crabbed old Dick Boyle in the saddle.

There was a grey kicking up a shindy—Palimpsest. She was always a bundle of nerves until she got going. She would be acting up again at the starting-gate. The Mad Major was on her, as usual. He'd won with her at Aintree last year, in the Foxhunters.

The familiar scene was beginning to reassure Sheppey. Between his knees Perimeter paced sedately, a big brown mount bred for and schooled in the hunting field, with a heart as big as his manners were gentle.

Then, as they walked round the ring, there was a scuffle and a shout, and everything seemed to happen at once, Palimpsest plunging and wheeling, a bay horse bolting and a pair of iron-shod heels lashing out within a few inches of his knee. It was Fancy Jack, and Sheppey had a glimpse of Daykin's face, grey under the green and yellow, his eyes wicked. "Sorry, Jack. Sorry," Daykin was saying insincerely. "It was that silly bitch Palimpsest's fault. Didn't hurt you, did I?"

And then, as he rode away, Daykin called over his shoulder, almost casually: "Don't forget Tommy Seton. . . . Be seeing you!"

THEN they were filing out, the stable-lads still at the horses' heads, Palimpsest on her hind legs, then turning about for the canter down to the start.

Perimeter went off at his slow, easy canter. Sheppey drew up to Fancy Jack and edged in to speak to Daykin, urgently, knowing this might be his last chance.

"Jim, listen—for God's sake, listen. I tell you, Cora's. . . ."

But Fancy Jack had quickened his pace, Daykin sitting still in the saddle, his lips shut in a thin line, his eyes looking straight ahead.

"Listen, you bloody lunatic——!" Sheppey called after him. But Daykin only half turned his head. Sheppey thought he saw his lips mouth the words: "Be seeing you." Then they were under the starter's orders.

Daykin was drawn on the outside, well away from Sheppey. There was no chance of another word. Sheppey told himself he'd have to leave it until they came back. *If* he came back, Daykin had said. Tommy Seton had come back from the Open Ditch in an ambulance. . . .

They were off to a false start, cursing and pulling up again. Perimeter wheeled round and trotted back calmly. Palimpsest was going mad. Then they were in line again; a glimpse of the starter's face; Palimpsest up on her hind legs again; a grey face under a green and yellow cap, a face turned towards him, mouthing inaudibly. And then they were off like a charge of cavalry, riding like mad for a good place at the first jump. Up and over, Perimeter's leap as smooth as the flight of a bird. Crashes and thuds; some of them down, as usual. A riderless horse with a broken rein was running off the course. And already the second jump was looming up. Sheppey saw the green and yellow rising to it, away on his right.

Cat's Whisker and Tortoise II were down, Baluchistan reeling but recovering, to gallop on, while his jockey held on by the reins and felt desperately for the stirrups. The third jump, a nasty brute, a thick thorn hedge with a brook on the landing side. Iron Master refused, and Trilby Hat went down.

Perimeter, pulling steadily but never too strongly, jumped big and easily. Now the fence behind them, with a flash of water and a rattle-and-thud as Norman Conqueror fell.

And then they were going out into the country, settling down to race as the field thinned out. Only half a dozen in front of him now, Palimpsest leading, as quiet as a lamb now she had got away. Somewhere behind him, a little to his right, he caught a glimpse of a green and yellow cap, beginning to edge in towards the inside.

There were two more fences—Border Pink went down at the second—and then the Open Ditch lay ahead. Daykin, on Fancy Jack, was a little closer in now. He pressed his knees into Perimeter's sides and he cleared the Ditch as though it had been a training hurdle, and they were racing back towards the stands and the water.

PALIMPSEST was still leading. Potters Bar was dropping back. Kerry Lass was going strongly. Fancy Jack was still there to the right, but a little farther behind now. Prince Palatine went down at the rail-and-fence, and, as they put on the pace for the water and heard the blurred roar of cheering, it was Palimpsest, Kerry Lass, Potters Bar, Perimeter and Fancy Jack. Fancy Jack was a length behind and coming in closer still. There were still five or

six horses behind, though Sheppey didn't know which they were.

Perimeter thundered down upon the small fence of the water-jump. Sheppey heard a splash ahead of him, and saw a cloud of spray go up. Perimeter's great leap landed him a good two feet beyond the water. Sheppey had a glimpse of a scarlet-and-white jacket, and a grey horse with an empty saddle. Palimpsest, he thought, and swore as the grey head drew up level. Loose horses were a curse and a peril, especially the second time round, when the horses with men on their backs were beginning to tire and the real business of the race was just starting.

Just ahead, Potter's Bar was obviously in trouble, and as they went out into the country again, Sheppey began to work Perimeter gradually up into second place. Perimeter responded as though he were just setting off for a morning's exercise, and they drew level with and passed the tiring horse. For a second Sheppey had a glimpse of the sweat-stained brown neck and heard the crack of the jockey's whip, and then Potter's Bar fell back, hopelessly beaten, and Perimeter was galloping on with only Kerry Lass ahead of him.

But there were others close behind. Again the grey nose crept up level with Sheppey's knee. He risked a glance over his shoulder as they took the fence at Windmill Turn, and saw Palimpsest jumping light and freely, with saddle empty and reins flying. And in that fleeting glimpse he saw something else that chilled his blood and set his heart fluttering. He saw Fancy Jack drawing up and edging in, his near shoulder already almost level with Palimpsest's hindquarter.

WITH the clarity born of fear, Sheppey knew at once what Daykin was up to. Wrenching his gaze away, he [illegible] up Perimeter to get clear before they [illegible] reached the Open Ditch, now standing like a [illegible] barrier across their way. He dared not turn his head again, but he heard Daykin's voice shouting something behind him, and he caught the words "Tommy Seton." Then the grey mare's head drew level with his knee again, but closer, so close that it nearly touched him, and he heard, twice, the vicious crack of a whip. Daykin, beyond himself with rage and jealousy, the race forgotten, careless of the consequences to himself and his horse, was using the whip to flog the riderless mare into Perimeter as the big horse shortened his stride to jump the Ditch.

The Ditch was only a matter of yards away now. The fence—the fence where Tommy Seton had been squashed like a slug under a garden roller—was towering up like a cliff face.

In desperation, Sheppey shifted his grip on his own whip and, without looking round, aimed a vicious backhanded slash at the grey, whose distended nostrils were almost touching his knee. He heard the mare squeal as the whip caught her across the eyes, and she swerved away.

Daykin wrenched Fancy Jack's head round, but he was too late to get clear of her. The Open Ditch was in front of them. Sheppey heard the crash as the two horses collided. He heard Daykin's voice raised in a shout between a curse and a scream. Then, as Perimeter rose in a huge bound to clear the Ditch, there was another appalling crash behind as the two other horses hit the fence together.

Sheppey risked looking back. He saw Fancy Jack struggling on top of the thick blackthorn. He saw him fight to get clear, saw him hang poised for a second and then roll slowly backwards, as Madrigal II had rolled slowly over backwards to crush the life out of poor Tommy Seton. . . .

Sheppey sat crouched in his saddle, stunned.

He thought, *Cora, Cora, Cora,* in time with the hoofbeats, but he could not think beyond that. He could not help winning now. With no assistance from him, Perimeter flashed past the winning-post, and he thought, automatically: Well, that's over. But, cantering back, he wondered what had finished and what had begun. THE END

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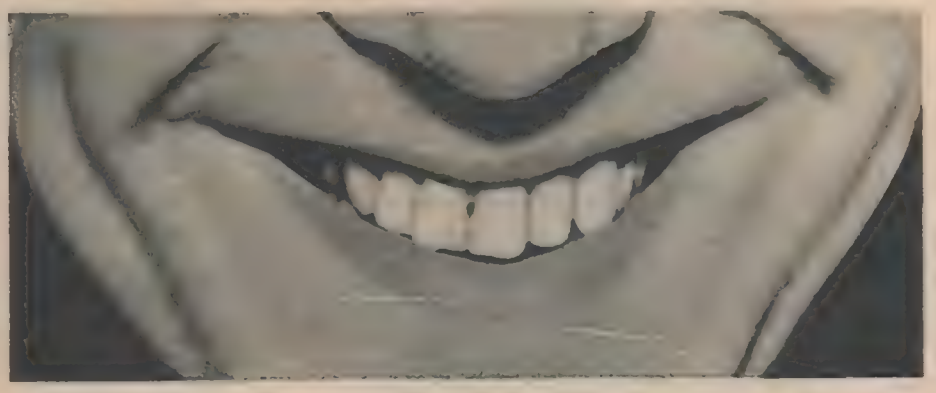

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TEST FLIGHT

Continued from page 9

said quickly. "All those that mattered. The kite's as safe as houses. Solid as a Hurricane."

He put his head on one side. "The only thing wrong with it is its pilot—or so I'm given to understand. . . . Well, perhaps I won't be a pilot much longer, anyway."

She didn't react to that. He'd said it too often in moments of exasperation.

She said, not looking at him: "You're going to take that ground job the Old Man offered you?"

"Of course," he said. "I've told you."

"I know. Quite often."

"I mean it, darling."

"If you take that job," she went on evenly, "the Old Man will make you sales director in two years. You know that. You can still fly for pleasure, Ben."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, of course I can."

She looked at him, seeing the little lines round his eyes, sensing the strain in him. He was thirty-eight. But there were plenty of good test pilots of thirty-eight; older even.

She laid her hand on his. "I must be getting back now. The Old Man's entertaining some bods from the Ministry, and they'll be back from lunch in a few minutes."

They spoke little as they went back to the aerodrome. The runways gleamed like mirrors after last night's rain. *Why are we all lying to each other?* Bentley asked himself fiercely. Jean knew he wasn't happy about the Delta. He knew she was aware of his misgivings. The Old Man? Nobody ever knew what the Old Man was thinking—until after the flight. As for Barlow. . . .

Barlow was waiting for him in his office. The designer always dropped in for a little diplomatic pep-talk before a test flight.

Outlined boldly against the window, Bentley saw the long fair head of the man he had been tussling with for months.

"Hallo, John."

"Hallo, Ben. I thought I'd just look in."

They stood by the window, looking out at a brilliant silver triangle like the caricature of a schoolboy's paper dart. It was tiny, diabolical, and strangely beautiful. The body was like a flattened bullet. The triangular wing was at the back, over the engine, which drove a pusher propeller. There was a triangular stabilizer in the nose. Midway between the two was a single-seat cockpit.

In half an hour, at two o'clock precisely, Bentley would be in that cockpit. Then the results of his long battle with Barlow would be seen.

"We've done our damnedest for you, Ben," Barlow said smoothly. "You did a hop this morning, didn't you? That elevator linkage was okay, wasn't it?"

"It was," Bentley said politely. "It's certainly a pleasant change to have controls that control."

"Surely there's not something else worrying you?"

"There is, John. You know there is."

BARLOW began beating the air with his fists. "Ben, we can't hold up this first flight any longer. If you're still worrying about the airflow breakdown——"

"I am. And that isn't all."

"If you mean that it's different, Ben—well, of course it's different. Do you think everyone in aerodynamics is a bloody fool? If we don't get some results soon, we'll lose the development contract, and then we'll all be in the soup. We aren't the only people working on these lines. Man, you're too conservative!"

"I just think," Bentley said, trying not to shout at him, "that this thing needs more development yet."

Barlow jerked his head in an impatient gesture and gave a tight little smile.

"That, of course, is what we want you to find out for us. That's your job, isn't it?"

Bentley sat down slowly at his desk. They had been into all this before. There were a dozen stinging things he could have said to Barlow. That designers died in bed, not in the smoking wreckage of crashed aircraft. That he, Bentley, had every right to refuse to take up a machine he wasn't satisfied with. That to take off in an aircraft which he believed to be unsafe would be going against the creed by which he lived. That, for years now, he had been staking his life on his ability to translate the drumming of fabric on metal, of tortured, turbulent air and minute vibrations of control into an instinct about what was going to happen next. He, as pilot, must always stay one jump ahead of the aircraft. He'd had hunches like this before, and they'd been proved right. He'd—ah, hell! What was the use?

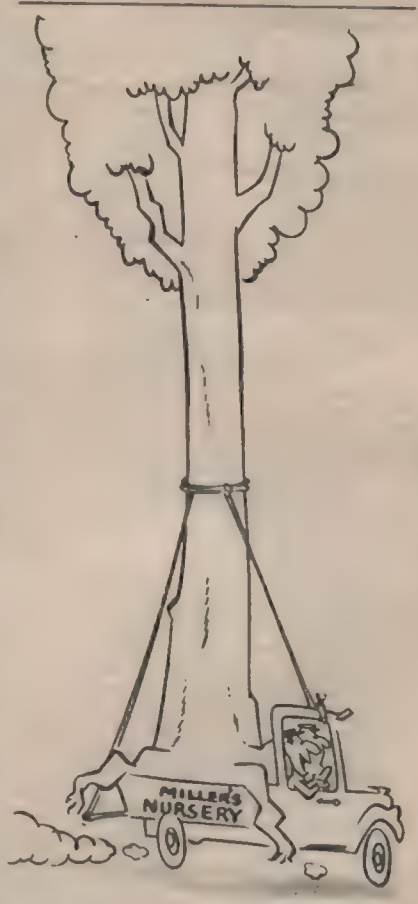
"LOOK, Ben, I know how you feel. . . ." Barlow's voice came soothingly, but Bentley sensed the implication behind it. Barlow thought he was too old, thought that the Delta was beyond him. Barlow was clever—he knew how to play on his pride, too. He knew that Bentley had to take the Delta up, or quit. And if he quit, it would be his assistant pilot, Frenchie le Blond, who'd take the machine up. That he couldn't stomach — and Barlow knew he couldn't.

"Come on, Ben," Barlow was saying, with boyish heartiness. "Don't they call you the Old Unscratchable? The aircraft you can't fly hasn't been made yet." He clapped Bentley on the shoulder, and got up. At the door he turned, smiling: "I'm going up to the tower now. Good luck, Ben."

After Barlow had gone, Bentley sat at his desk, thinking. He put his hand on the inter-office telephone, but did not lift it yet. He looked at his watch; ten minutes to go before the flight. There was now no doubt in his mind that Barlow was fundamentally unsure of himself—and of the Delta. It was a good plane but it needed more work yet. And Barlow was in a hurry. He was young. He was ambitious.

Bentley was working himself up into a cold rage: he knew it, but he no longer cared. He lifted the telephone and dialled the extension number of the control tower.

He heard Jean's voice at the other



"Whew! I was beginning to think we never *would* sell this one!"

end. "Jean? Is the Old Man busy for a moment?"

Her voice sounded strained, higher than usual. She had to shout to make herself heard above the buzz of talk in the tower. "He's in conference now, Ben. Can I give him a message?"

"No—no," he said. *Of course leave a message,* something inside him shouted. *Tell him this bloody plane is going to kill me today.*

"Ben, is something wrong?"

"Not a thing," he said. "I—I wondered if there were any fancy rolls he wanted putting on for the toffs."

"I could find out for you."

She went away and he waited with the telephone to his ear, the blood pounding in his temples, hoping the Old Man would come to the phone himself. But it was Jean's voice again. "Hallo, Ben. He just laughed. And so do I." Her voice had dropped, and he could hardly hear it. "Goodbye for now, darling. We're all watching from the tower. . . ."

Dazedly, Bentley hung up. The unapproachability of the Old Man had shocked him into a reckless calm, a curious kind of drunken sobriety. He would have to go through with it. He wasn't thinking of Jean now, or of the Old Man. He was thinking of Barlow as he went out to the Delta's hangar. Barlow was being allowed to rush this thing through. Barlow was going to kill him today. . . .

IN the window-lined tower, the Old Man was entertaining his visitors. He introduced them to Barlow with brief, nervous waves of his hand. Even the Old Man was tensed up this morning, Jean noted.

"Ah, John. . . . Group Captain Charles you know, I think. . . . This is Mr. Savage, of the Ministry—John Barlow, who designed the Delta. . . . Mr. Kirk and Mr. Le Blond of the test flight." The Old Man turned to Barlow. "I've given Mr. Savage a rough outline of the whole project. Will you fill in the details, John?"

Cups of tea arrived, and they settled down to wait.

Barlow began talking easily: "Well, gentlemen, this is only a small Delta to collect slow-speed data. With it we hope to prove our main point—that with this stabilizer in the nose, we can improve the longitudinal control."

The radio crackled: *"Hallo, Brookman's Tower. . . . Zebra—Yoke—115 requests taxi clearance."*

At the sound of his voice, Jean, in the act of handing a cup of tea to Group Captain Charles, stiffened and went white. She closed her eyes for a moment and then opened them to stare through the windows at the tiny silver triangle as it swung on to the taxi strip.

Kirk, the duty pilot, picked up the microphone: *"Brookman's Tower to Zebra—Yoke—115 . . . clear to taxi, runway 26."*

In the Delta, Bentley tightened his safety harness. He was wet with cold sweat as he turned at the end of the runway. He locked the brakes on and methodically checked the cockpit. Fuel cock, trimmers, flap-lever, undercarriage lever—he ran his fingers lightly over them. He ran up the engine, switching off each magneto in turn, watching the rev-counter as he flicked the switches. Satisfied, he closed the throttle and looked out of the cockpit along the two thousand yards of runway ahead. He felt like a man on a sandbank cut off by the tide.

He had to wait at the end of the runway while a production Harrier came in from an acceptance flight. As he waited, his mind filled with childish rage against Barlow. He had offered to stake his reputation that the Delta was a flop: now he would prove it. So Barlow wanted a high-incidence take-off, did he? Fine: he was going to get it.

He rolled a little way, slowly, down the runway to straighten the nosewheel, before pushing the throttle up to the stop. He was cooler now; his anger had been absorbed and blotted up by his concentration on the job in hand. The wind that whistled round the open canopy, the feel of the controls as they came to life with the increasing speed, the good aeroplane smell of dope and oil—the nostalgia, the peace and the poetry of imminent flight. . . .

As he approached take-off speed, he began to ease back on the stick to lift the nosewheel. The stabilizer came up, blotting out the runway ahead; he felt a familiar judder sweep the aircraft, as he had felt in every one of the trial hops. Deliberately, he held on the pressure. He felt the aircraft come off and then the rudder pedals were slack and useless, and the nose swerved violently to the right. Instinctively, he pushed the nose down until he had stopped the swing.

He was well off the runway now, and heading straight for a low hedge. It was too late to stop. The ground was sodden with rain. He felt the undercarriage take a terrific beating. At the last second, he eased back the stick, and his excessive speed shot him over the hedge and into the air like a cork out of a bottle. He throttled back and began to trim into a gentle climb.

At a thousand feet, he made a wide, gentle run back over the aerodrome. Glancing down, he saw that the roads between the shops were black with workmen staring up at him. The crash tender and the fire engine were backing into position in front of the tower. As Bentley began to scribble notes on his knee-pad, the radio suddenly woke into life. *"Brookman's Tower calling Zebra—Yoke—115. . . . What the hell are you doing, Ben? Are you all right?"* The voice—Kirk's voice—was lost in an incoherent jabber. Bentley paused for a moment, trying to think of a smart reply, but nothing arrived.

"Hallo, Control," he called. *"She lost all rudder control as the nose came up. I'm going to take her up to four thousand feet. Then I'll bring her up back across the field and we'll try it again—a repeat performance for your special benefit."*

He went on climbing in gentle S-turns, making notes as he tried the controls. At four thousand feet he turned back again over the aerodrome and called to Control: *"Hallo, Control. . . . Coming back at four thousand feet. I am going to start a steep climb with the nose well up. The stabilizer is blanketing the rudder at high angles of attack. You watch—starting now. . . ."*

Slowly he pulled up the nose, opening the throttle. He felt the aircraft shudder: the nose was well up above the horizon. It didn't worry him now. He could picture the turbulent air streaming from the stabilizer along the fuselage, going higher and higher as the nose came up . . . until the rudder was completely useless.

The nose swung viciously, and he was absurdly pleased when he regained control. He repeated the manoeuvre several times, noting the position of the stabilizer whenever he lost control.

He swam upwards through the litter of little clouds. He realized that he had gained a lot of height. He was just playing with the machine now: he felt a reckless release from the earth, from everything and everyone he knew; now he was alive, so alive that he did not care if he died the next second; he was flying for the sheer pleasure of flying.

He began singing to himself, a tuneless jingle he couldn't even hear. He felt an angry triumph: he could fly even this crazy thing. Well, it was time he went home. There was little more he could do now.

HE began doing a few circus tricks, almost contemptuously. Lightheartedly, he skimmed over a layer of broken stratus clouds, leap-frogging up and down over the ragged crests. An extraordinary relaxation stole over him, and then a feeling of guilt. He realized that Barlow had, after all, produced the makings of a very likeable little aeroplane. Having no blind-flying instruments, he knew he ought to keep out of cloud; but, with heady confidence, he dropped down into the alleys between them.

Barlow, Barlow, maybe I've been too hard on you, Bentley sang to himself. He closed the throttle as he turned into a narrow lane. The lane was a blind; it ended in a black raincloud.

He whipped over in a reverse turn, but the lane was too narrow. He pulled the turn tighter. . . .

Too late, he recognized the warning buffeting. The nose swung through the sky in a great arc. For a moment of sickening confusion, he saw clouds spinning above and below him. Then he slid sideways into a grey emptiness of cloud.

His reactions had been too slow. *Too slow.* A younger pilot might have righted the machine. That was what Barlow had implied when. . . . But this was no time for thinking about Barlow.

He could see nothing: he might be still turning, or even upside down—he had absolutely no idea. Tense and impatient, he sat and waited. Occasionally a light patch of cloud whipped by, some rain spattered his canopy: otherwise he felt no motion at all.

Suddenly he was in the clear. He saw the horizon, the grey underbelly of the cloud, and the quilted earth below, all spinning, spinning like a top. He pushed on hard opposite rudder and the stick forward. It had no effect at all. With no hope of success, he began methodically to try to shake the machine out of the spin. He opened the throttle, ramming the little steel lever hard up as far as it would go. He closed it, then opened it in bursts. . . . lowering the wheels, dropping the flaps, rocking the stick. But the altimeter spun remorselessly round and round.

Okay, Barlow, he thought wearily: this is the end of your little experiment. He switched off the engine and jettisoned the cockpit canopy. Turning in his seat, he watched it fly back through the propeller; one lazily turning blade cut the canopy clean in two.

Bentley felt sick. Releasing his harness, he began to struggle out of the cockpit. The force of the spin pinned him to one corner, but he managed to get one hand on the rail behind the cockpit. With this rail and a handhold in the wing he could swing himself clear of the threshing propeller. That was the theory of it, anyway, he thought grimly: he remembered the hammer-and-tongs fight he'd had with Barlow to get them at all.

As he pulled himself out of the seat, the spin took him like an enormous fist and tore him bodily out of the plane. He grabbed the hand-hold: his fingers felt as weak as a baby's. For a moment of sheer funk, he hung there, spreadeagled between the fuselage and the wing.

Then, quite suddenly, the spin stopped. Bentley felt idiotic. One moment he and the Delta were spinning, and the next they were in a gentle turn. The shock almost broke his hold. It was unnervingly quiet: there was only a swishing sound from the airflow over the body and the clatter of the propeller blades chopping up and down behind the wing. He heard a car horn, and instinctively looked for the ground. He was getting low; he would have to jump. He looked again. He was over houses, red-roofed villas clustering along the seething main road. He could see the aerodrome a mile or two away, the control tower like a white button.

He was planing down silently, the aircraft swaying a little, and in that moment, with the breeze cool against his head, he knew that he was not going to jump. He was damned if he would jump for Barlow. He would get this thing down and make Barlow eat it.

At once, and before he lost too much altitude, he began trying to get back into the aircraft. With both hands on the rail, he sought a foothold in the fuselage. At every turn the parachute obstructed him, and again he felt the beginnings of panic. Each time he tried to swing his leg over, the parachute, bumping under his thighs, prevented him. The wet roads were nearer. Soon they would be too near; too near to jump, too near to lift the aircraft. . . .

A gobbet of hot fear rose in his throat, and he tried again to get into the plane, wriggling, struggling, cursing. But he knew, even as he struggled, that it was no good this way. He would have to get rid of the parachute.

In some extraordinary way, this was the argument with Barlow, the bone of contention between him and Jean, his justification as a test pilot. A younger man needn't think twice about

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it. He could jump carelessly; another promising machine gone west—where's the next? Bentley, doubting himself, could not do that, would not do that. He was getting this thing down.

Quickly, savagely, not allowing himself to think, he reached down, twisted the quick-release box, pressed it and pulled himself hard up to the side of the fuselage as the straps slid away. He buried his face in his arms so that he should not see the chute dropping away. He was dead weary now, his breath sobbing in the silent air, his arms and shoulders red-hot and aching. Bracing himself, he tried again. His foot caught the edge of the cockpit.

Once in the seat, he felt light-headed with relief. He was losing height with frightening rapidity now. Instinctively, he flicked the engine switches and pulled back the stick to lift the nose. He might be fatally wrong—or miraculously right; he had no idea. This was the stabilizer's big chance, he told himself grimly, if the damn' thing didn't fall to bits with the shock.

He heard the engine cough like a death-croak behind him—and then suddenly roar into life. If it were possible for a machine to do a broadside skid in mid-air, the Delta did it now—and, in the same movement, righted itself. In a moment, he was flying again, climbing jerkily, as if tugged up on a wire. The engine was running very roughly—the canopy had upset the airscrew quite a bit—but it would see him home.

From now on it was kindergarten stuff. He came in fast at the far end of the aerodrome, and landed with a sort of absent-minded ease. It seemed that he and the Delta had been acquainted a great many years.

As he sat in the cockpit, waiting for the cars to reach him, reaction set in. He was cold and sticky with sweat. Looking down at his shaking hands, he became aware of a searing pain in two fingers: the nails were missing, and the tips were little pulps of blood. Out of long habit, he looked at his watch and began filling in his log: "Time of flight—15 mins." Fifteen minutes, he thought; only fifteen minutes. Then, very stiffly, he got out and stood leaning against the fuselage.

Now the cars, the crash-wagon, the ambulance and the fire-tender were milling all round him. In the nearest car were the Old Man, Barlow and Jean. Jean jumped out first. She did not even call his name. She clung to him, her whole body trembling.

LOOKING beyond her, Bentley saw Barlow standing up in the car—Barlow, looking ten years older, his eyes haunted, his face a pastel shade of green. He tried to imagine what kind of hell Barlow had been through during the last quarter of an hour. His arm still round Jean, he moved towards the car and forced a smile.

"A few wrinkles still to iron out," he said. His own voice sounded strange. But Barlow had no voice at all; his mouth opened and closed like a fish's.

"Don't worry about it," Bentley said. "She's a nice little kite—I mean it." He couldn't think of anything else to say, and his smile grew lopsided.

Now the Old Man filled in the gap, stepping out of the car, grasping Bentley by the shoulders. "What a piece of timing! What timing! I was watching you. . . . I'll tell you one thing, my boy. Next time you take this aircraft up, I want you to give me a preliminary report. Do you hear? A preliminary report. I want to know about every nut and bolt in it before you so much as swing your leg over the side. Is that understood?" But now he had turned round and was addressing the others, and there was no need for Bentley to speak.

He had been going to say there would be no next time, that now he could leave the air and honourably quit the battle. But why worry? The Old Man could learn later. The one person to whom it was important now understood without speech.

The grip on his arm tightened, and suddenly he was not drained and used-up any more. He felt as if he had stepped out of a cold shower, alive, tingling and young. Young! THE END

HORNBLOWER OF THE ATROPOS

Continued from page 26

acted correctly without troubling him about it.

"Very well, Mr. Still."

Hornblower put his glass to his eye and swept the horizon. A bold, wildly rugged coast on the one hand; on the other, a low, sandy shore. He bent to study the chart.

"Cape Angistri to starboard, sir," said Turner, at his side. "Cape Kum abaft the port beam."

"Thank you."

Everything was as it should be. Hornblower straightened up and turned his glass upon the Turkish coast. It was steep, with bold cliffs, behind which rose a chain of steeply undulating hills.

"They're only green at this time of year, sir," explained Turner. "The rest of the year they're brown."

"Yes."

HORNBLOWER had read all he could about the Eastern Mediterranean, and he knew something of the climatic conditions.

"Not many people live there now, sir," went on Turner. "Farmers, a few. Shepherds. Little fishing villages in some of the coves. A little coasting trade in caïques from Rhodes—not so much of that now, sir. There's piracy in all these waters, on account of the feuds between the Greeks and the Turks."

"Yes."

It was fortunate the wind had backed southerly, even by so little. It eased one of the myriad complications in his complicated life.

"Ruins a-plenty along that coast, though, sir," droned on Turner. "Cities—temples—you'd be surprised."

"Yes," said Hornblower.

In other circumstances, Hornblower could have been deeply interested, but, as it was, Turner was merely a distraction. There was not merely the immediate business in hand of taking Atropos up into Marmorice harbour, there was the business of how to deal with the Turkish authorities; of how to set about the problems of salvage; there was the question—the urgent, anxious question—as to whether McCullum would live. There was the routine of the ship; when Hornblower looked round him he could see the hands and the officers clustered along the ship's sides, gazing out eagerly at the shores.

There were Greeks dwelling among the Mohammedans of the mainland—that would be important when it came to a question of keeping liquor from the men. And he would like to fill his water barrels; and there was the matter of obtaining fresh vegetables.

Here was Still with a routine question. Hornblower nodded in agreement.

"Up spirits!"

The cry went through the little ship, and when they heard it the men had no ears for any siren song from the shore. This was the great moment of their day, because they had no other moment at all, for months and for years, confined within the wooden walls of their little ship, often seeing not a shilling of money in all that time, not a fresh face, not a single human problem on which to exercise their wits. Perhaps it was better to be a captain and have too many problems.

The hands went to dinner. Cape Kum went by on the one hand and the Turkish coast on the other, the breeze freshening with the bright, sunny day, and Turner droning on as the landmarks went by.

"Cape Marmorice, sir," he reported.

The coast dipped here, revealing mountains, more lofty, close behind. Now was the time to take in sail, ready to enter. It was the time when decisive action had to be taken, too; when Atropos changed from a peaceful ship, cruising placidly along outside territorial waters, to a stormy petrel, whose entrance into a foreign harbour might send dispatches hastening from embassies, and might cause cabinets to assemble at opposite ends of Europe. Hornblower tried to give his orders as if he had no care for the importance of the moment.

"All hands! All hands shorten sail! All hands!"

The watch below came running to their posts. The officers, at the call of all hands, went to their stations, the one or two who had been dozing down below coming hastily on deck. Courses and top gallants were got in.

"Mr. Jones!" said Hornblower harshly.

"Sir!"

"Ease that sheet and take the strain off the tack! Where did you learn your seamanship?"

"Aye aye, sir," answered Jones, rather pathetically, but he ran up both clues smartly together.

THE reprimand was deserved, but Hornblower wondered if he would have administered it in just that way if he had not been anxious to show that the responsibilities he was carrying could not distract him from any detail of the management of the ship.

"Red Cliff Point, sir," said Turner. "Passage Island. Cape Sari over there. The east passage is better, sir—there's a rock in the middle of the west passage."

"Yes," said Hornblower. There was not much detail in the chart, but that much was clear. "We'll take the east passage. Quartermaster! Port your helm. Steady! Steady as you go!"

With the wind on her quarter, Atropos headed for the entrance like a stag, even with her sail reduced to topsails and headsails. The entrance became better defined as she approached; two bold points running to meet each other with a lofty island in between. It was obvious why Red Cliff Point was so named; elsewhere there was a dark, straggling growth of pine trees on capes and island, while on the summits could just be seen the rectangular outlines of small forts.

"They don't keep those manned, sir," said Turner. "Gone to rack and ruin, like everything else."

"You say that the east passage is

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"Something must have upset him . . ."

absolutely clear?" Hornblower asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well."

Atropos headed in, with Hornblower giving his orders to the wheel. There was no flag flying on shore, and until one could be seen there was no question of firing a salute. From point to island the entrance extended a scant half-mile, possibly less; now they could see through it, to the wide waters of Marmorice Bay, with high mountains surrounding it on nearly every side, except to the northward.

"There's the town, sir," said Turner. "Not much of a place."

A white tower—a minaret—caught the afternoon sun.

"You can see the red mound behind the town now, sir."

"Where did the Speedwell go down?" asked Hornblower.

"Over to port, there, sir. Right in line between the red mound and the fort on Passage Island. The fort on Ada bore sou'-sou'-east half-south."

"Take the bearing now," ordered Hornblower.

Now they were through the entrance. The water was smooth, not smooth enough to reflect the blue sky. Turner was calling the bearing of the fort on Cape Ada. With his own eye, Hornblower could judge the other cross-bearing. There was no harm in anchoring close to the projected scene of operations; that would attract less attention than to anchor in one place first and to move to another anchorage later. Jones took in fore and main topsails and headsails smartly enough. Atropos glided quietly on.

"Hard a-starboard," said Hornblower to the quartermaster. Round came Atropos, the mizzen topsail helping the turn as Jones clued it up. The ship's way died away almost imperceptibly, the tiny waves lapping against her bows.

"Let go!"

The hawser rumbled out. Atropos swung to her anchor, in Turkish waters.

"Pass the word for the doctor," said Hornblower.

There were many things to do; it was his duty to make contact with the Turkish authorities if they did not make contact with him. But first of all, without wasting a moment, it was necessary to make arrangements for the operation on McCullum. The man's life hung in the balance, and far more than his life. . . .

Hornblower sat waiting in his cabin. "A few minutes" had been Eisenbeiss's estimate of the time necessary for the operation. It was necessary, Hornblower knew, to work as quickly as possible, so as to minimize the shock to the patient.

The ship was very still and quiet. Hornblower knew that all his crew were taking a morbid interest in the fate of the "poor gentleman." They were sentimental about McCullum, lying at death's door as a result of a bullet wound he need never have received; the fact that he was going to be cut about with a knife had an unholy attraction for them; the fact that in a few minutes he might be dead, might have gone through those mysterious doors they all feared to go through, invested his personality with some special quality in their eyes.

Sentries had to be posted to keep out all the sentimental, the inquisitive, and the morbid-minded among the crew, and now Hornblower could tell by the silence that his men were waiting in shuddering silence for the climax, hoping perhaps to hear a scream or a groan. He could hear the heavy ticking of his watch as he waited.

Now there were distant sounds, but sounds in the little wooden ship were susceptible to so many possible interpretations that he would not at first allow himself to think that they might arise as a result of the ending of the operation. But then there were steps and voices outside his cabin door, the sentry speaking and then Eisenbeiss, and then came a knock.

"Come in," said Hornblower, trying to keep his voice indifferent; the first sight of Eisenbeiss as he entered was enough to tell Hornblower that all was as well as could be hoped. There was an obvious light-heartedness about his elephantine movements.

"I found the bullet," said Eisenbeiss. "It was where I thought—at the inferior angle of the scapula."

"Did you get it out?" asked Hornblower; the fact that he did not correct Eisenbeiss for omitting the "sir" was proof that he was not as calm as he appeared.

"Yes," said Eisenbeiss.

He laid something on the table in front of Hornblower, with a gesture positively dramatic. It was the bullet, misshapen, flattened to an irregular disc, with a raw scratch on one surface.

EISENBEISS said proudly: "That is where my scalpel cut into it. I went straight to the right place."

Hornblower picked the thing up gingerly to examine it.

"You see," said Eisenbeiss, "it was as I said. The bullet struck the ribs, breaking them, and then glanced off, passing back between the bone and the muscle."

"Yes, I see," said Hornblower.

"And there are these as well," went on Eisenbeiss, laying something else in front of Hornblower with the same sort of conscious pride as a conjurer at a fair bringing the rabbit out of the hat.

"Is this the wad?" asked Hornblower, puzzled, and making no attempt to pick up the horrid little object.

"No," said Eisenbeiss, "that is how my forceps brought it out. But see," —Eisenbeiss's large fingers plucked the

More people drink

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THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN . . . AS TWO HOUSEWIVES SEE IT

'Gracious! What exciting things go into Cadburys ROSES'

Two housewives took a day off to visit Cadburys Factory in a Garden at Bournville. They marvelled at the rich ingredients and admired the big-scale methods of making. But what really captured their imagination was the background of flower gardens, tree-shaded walks and playing fields. Bournville knows how to play as well as work.

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THE WEIGHING-IN. Having seen the goodness that goes into Roses, it is easy to understand what makes so many people say '*I want Cadburys*'.

object into successive layers—"I have looked at these through my lens. That is a piece of a blue coat. This is a piece of silk lining. That is a piece of linen shirt. And those are threads of a knitted undershirt."

Eisenbeiss beamed with triumph.

"The bullet carried these in with it?" asked Hornblower.

"Exactly. Of course. Between the bullet and the bone these portions were cut off, as they might be between the blades of scissors, and the bullet carried them on with it. I found them all. No wonder the wound was suppurating."

"You address me as 'sir,'" said Hornblower, realizing, now that the tension had eased, that Eisenbeiss had been omitting the honorific. "The operation was otherwise successful as well?"

"Yes—sir," said Eisenbeiss. "The removal of these foreign bodies and the draining of the wound brought immediate relief to the patient."

"He did not suffer too much?"

"No, too much. The men who were ready to hold him still had hardly anything to do. He submitted with good spirit, as he promised you he would. It was well that he lay still. I feared further injury to the lung from the broken ribs if he struggled."

"You address me as 'sir,'" said Hornblower. "That is the last time, Doctor, that I shall overlook the omission."

"Yes—sir."

"And the patient is going on well?"

"I left him as well as I could hope—sir. I must return to him soon, of course."

"Do you think he will live?"

Some of the triumph evaporated from Eisenbeiss's expression as he concentrated on phrasing his reply.

"He is more likely to live now, sir," he said. "But with wounds—one cannot be sure."

"You cannot say more than that?"

"No, sir. The wound must remain open to drain. When applying the sutures I inserted a bristle——"

"Very well," said Hornblower, suddenly squeamish. "I understand. You had better return to him now. You have my thanks, Doctor, for what you have done."

Even with Eisenbeiss gone, there was no chance of quietly reviewing the situation. A knock on the door heralded the appearance of Midshipman Smiley.

"Mr. Jones's compliments, sir, and there are boats heading for us from the shore."

"Thank you. I'll come up. And if Mr. Turner's not on deck tell him I want to see him there."

Some of the gaily painted boats in the distance were under oars, but the nearest one was under a lateen sail, lying very close to the wind. As Hornblower watched her she took in her sail, went about, and reset it on the other tack. The lateen rig had its disadvantages. On the new tack the boat would fetch up alongside Atropos easily enough.

"Now, listen to me, Mr. Turner," said Hornblower, reaching the decision he had had at the back of his mind for the last two days. "When you speak to them you are to tell them that we are looking for a French squadron."

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"We are looking for a French squadron. Two sail—that will do. A ship of the line and a frigate, escaped from Corfu three weeks back. The first thing you ask is whether they have touched here."

"Aye aye, sir."

Turner was not very clear on the point yet.

"Admiral—Admiral Harvey has sent us in for news. He's cruising off Crete looking for them with four sail of the line. Four will do. Enough force to make them respect us."

"I see, sir."

"You're quite sure you do?"

"Yes, sir."

It was irksome being dependent on Turner to interpret for him. With Spanish authorities, or with French, Hornblower could have conducted his own negotiations, but not with Turks.

"And by the time I found out where I was going wrong, it was too late"

"Remember, that's the first thing you ask, the very first. Have two French ships touched here? Then you can go on to get permission to fill the water casks. We'll buy fresh vegetables, too, and a couple of bullocks, if we can."

"Yes, sir."

"Keep it in your mind all the time that we're scouting for Admiral Harvey. Don't forget it for a moment, and then everything will be all right."

"Aye aye, sir."

The lateen boat was nearing them fast, making surprising speed with the small evening wind; there was a respectable bubble of foam under her bow. She came running close alongside and hove-to, the lateen sail flapping until they brailed up the upper portion.

"Turks, sir, not Greeks," said Turner.

Hornblower could have guessed that without Turner's help; the boat's crew were dressed in dirty white gowns; they wore on their heads round red hats wreathed in dirty white turbans. The grey-bearded man who stood up in the stern wore a red sash about his waist, from which hung a curved sword.

He hailed Atropos in a thin, high voice. Turner hailed back; the jargon he spoke was the *lingua franca* of the Levant, and Hornblower tried to guess at what was being said. Italian, French, English, Arabic, Greek—all contributed to the language, he knew. It was a little strange to hear the words "Horatio Hornblower" come clearly through the incomprehensible remainder.

"Who is this fellow?" he asked.

"The mudir, sir. The local jack-in-office. Harbour master—preventive officer. He is asking about our bill of health, sir."

"Don't forget to ask about the French ships," said Hornblower.

"Aye aye, sir."

The shouted conversation went on; Hornblower caught the word *"fregata"* more than once. The greybeard in the boat extended his hands in a negative gesture and went on to supplement it with a further sentence.

"He says there have been no French ships in here for years, sir," said Turner.

"Ask him if he has heard about any along the coast or in the islands."

The greybeard clearly disclaimed all knowledge.

"Tell him," said Hornblower, "I'll give him five pieces of gold for news of the French."

There was something infectious in the atmosphere, in this oriental talk—that was the only explanation Hornblower could think of for his using the outlandish expression 'pieces of gold.' There was no reason why he should not have said 'guineas' to Turner. The greybeard shook his head again; Hornblower, looking keenly at him, fancied that the offer impressed him nevertheless. He asked another question and Turner answered.

"I've told him about the British squadron in the offing, sir," he reported.

"Good."

There was no harm in having the Turks believe he had a powerful force to back him up. Now the greybeard was gesturing with the fingers of one hand outstretched as he answered some question of Turner's.

"He says he wants five piastres a hogshead for us to fill our water casks, sir," said Turner. "That's a shilling each."

"Tell him—tell him I'll give him half."

The conversation continued; the western sky was beginning to redden with the sunset as the sun sank lower. At last the greybeard waved in farewell, and the boat turned away and unfurled her sail to the dying wind.

"They've gone back to spread their mats for the evening prayer, sir," said Turner. "I've promised him ten guineas for everything. That gives us the right to land at the jetty over there, to fill our water casks, and to buy in the market that he'll open in the morning. He'll take his share of what we pay there, you can be sure, sir."

"Very well, Mr. Turner. Mr. Jones!"

"Sir!"

"With the first light in the morning I'm going to start sweeping for the wreck. I'll have the sweep prepared now."

"Er—aye aye, sir."

"A hundred fathoms of one-inch line, if you please, Mr. Jones. Two nine-pounder shot. Have a net made for each, and attach them ten fathoms apart at equal distances from the ends of the line. Is that clear?"

"Not—not quite, sir."

Because he was honest about it, Hornblower refrained from remarking on his slowness of comprehension.

"Take a hundred fathoms of line and attach one shot forty-five fathoms from one end and another forty-five fathoms from the other end. Is that clear now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can get the launch and longboat into the water now, ready for the morning. They'll carry the sweep between them, dragging the bottom for the wreck. Tell off the boats' crews for duty. I want to start work at first dawn, as I said. And we'll need grapnels and buoys to mark what we find. Nothing conspicuous — planks will do, with seventeen fathoms of line to each. You understand all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Carry on, then, Mr. Turner, report in my cabin in fifteen minutes' time, if you please. Messenger! My compliments to the doctor, and I'd like to see him in my cabin immediately."

Hornblower felt like a juggler at a fair, keeping half a dozen balls in the air at once. He wanted to hear from the doctor how McCullum was progressing after the operation; he wanted to discuss with Turner the question of what local authorities might be likely to be present in Marmorice to interfere with his work there; he wanted to make all preparations for the next morning; he wanted to be ready with his own plans for raising the treasure if McCullum was unable to give advice; and night orders for the care of the ship in this harbour of doubtful neutrality had to be written.

Not until late in the evening did he remember something else — he had eaten nothing since breakfast. He ate biscuit and cold meat, crunching the flinty fragments at his cabin table before hurrying on deck again into the darkness.

It was a chilly night, and the young moon had already set. No breath of air now ruffled the black surface of the water of the bay, smooth enough to bear faint reflections of the stars. Black and impenetrable was the water, beneath which lay a quarter of a million pounds sterling. It was as impenetrable as his future, he decided, leaning on the bulwark. An intelligent man, he mused, would go to bed and sleep, having done all that his forethought and ingenuity could devise, and an intelligent man would worry no further for the moment. But he had to be very firm with himself to drive himself to bed.

It was still dark when he was called, dark and cold, but he ordered coffee for himself and sipped it as he dressed. He forced himself to shave, although that was an operation which had mostly to be carried out by touch, because the hanging lamp gave almost no illumination to the mirror. The shirt he pulled on felt clammy against his ribs; he was struggling with his trousers when a knock at the door brought in Eisenbeiss, reporting in obedience to overnight orders.

"The patient is sleeping well, sir," he announced.

"Is his condition good?"

"I thought I should not disturb him, sir. He was sleeping quietly, so I could not tell if he had fever, nor could I examine the wound. I can wake him if you wish, sir——"

"No, don't do that, of course. I suppose it's a good symptom that he's sleeping, in any case?"

"A very good one, sir."

"Then leave him alone, Doctor. Report to me if there is any change."

"Aye aye, sir."

Hornblower buttoned his trousers and thrust his feet into his shoes. His eagerness to be on deck overcame his self-restraint to the extent that he was still buttoning his coat as he went up

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 30, the judge first dismissed John's plea that he was drunk. Then he pointed out that only certain contracts in England need to be written, and that the one in this case was not one of them. "It's only very rarely that a contract cannot be made on a Sunday," added the judge, "and a cheque made out on Sunday is certainly valid." In short, Peter had won his case. (*This is the probable decision, based on actual court judgments.*)

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the companion. On deck, as well, the atmosphere seemed to be charged with that feeling of impending attack at dawn. There were the dimly seen figures of the officers, silhouetted against the sky. To the east there was the faintest illumination, a little light reaching half-way up to the zenith, so faint as almost to be unnoticed, and its colour, in its turn, was so faint a shade of pink as hardly to be called that.

"Morning," said Hornblower in response to the touched hats of his subordinates.

In the waist he could hear orders being quietly given—just like manning the boats for a cutting-out expedition.

"Longboat's crew starboard side," said Smiley's voice.

"Launch's crew port side." That was the prince's voice. He was acquiring a better accent than Eisenbeiss.

"There's some surface mist, sir," reported Jones. "But it's very patchy."

"So I see," replied Hornblower.

"Last night we were lying two cables' length from the wreck as near as makes no matter, sir," said Turner. "We've swung during the night, with the wind dropping, but little enough."

"Tell me when it's light enough for you to get your bearings."

"Aye aye, sir."

In that short time the eastern sky had changed. One might almost have said it had darkened, but perhaps that was because with the tiny increase in the general illumination the contrast was not so marked.

"You took a third bearing at the time when Speedwell went down, Mr. Turner?"

"Yes, sir. It was——"

"No matter."

Turner could be relied upon to manage a simple piece of business of that sort.

"I don't expect the wreck has moved an inch, sir," said Turner. "There's no tide here. No scour. The two rivers that run into the bay don't set up any current you can measure."

"And the bottom's firm sand?"

"Firm sand, sir."

THAT was something to be thankful for. In mud the wreck might have sunk beyond discovery.

"How the devil did Speedwell come to capsize?" asked Hornblower.

"Sheer bad luck, sir. She was an old ship, and she'd been at sea a long time. The weeds and the barnacles were thick along her waterline—she wasn't coppered high enough, sir. So they were heeling her, cleaning her port side, with the guns run out to starboard and all the weights they could shift over to starboard, too. It was a still day, baking hot.

"Then, before you could say Jack Robinson, there came a gust out of the mountains. It caught her square on the port beam and laid her over before she could pay off. The gun ports were open and the water came up over the sills. That laid her over still more—at least, that's what the court of inquiry found, sir—and with her hatchways open, the water rose over the coamings and down she went."

"Did she right herself as she sank?"

"No, sir. I looked over at her when I heard the shout, and I saw her keel. Bottom upwards she went. Her topmasts were snapped clean off. They came up soon enough, main and fore topmasts still anchored to the wreck by a shroud or two. That was a help when it came to taking the bearings."

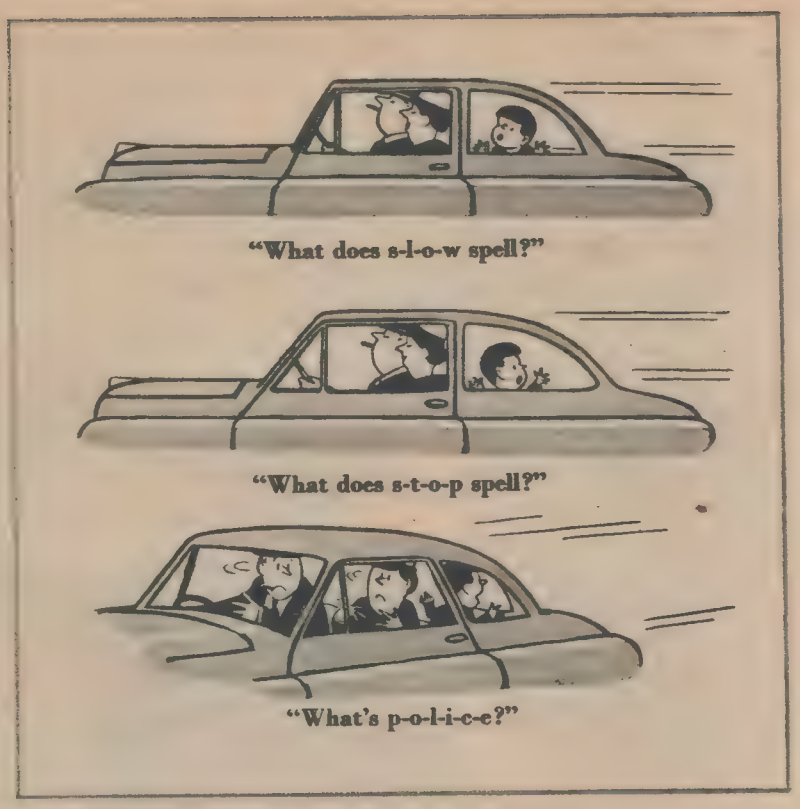
"I see," said Hornblower.

Dawn was coming up fast. It actually seemed—an optical illusion, of course—as if great arms of colour were climbing up the sky from the eastern horizon at a pace perceptible to the eye.

"It's light enough now, sir," said Turner.

"Thank you. Mr. Jones! You can carry on."

Hornblower watched them go, Turner leading the way in the gig with his instruments and compass, Still following behind in the launch with Smiley in the longboat attached to the



launch by the sweep. Hornblower became acutely aware that despite the cup of coffee he had drunk he wanted his breakfast. It seemed almost against his will that he lingered. This dead-still calm at dawn was the ideal time for an operation of this sort; the gig was able to take up and maintain a position with the least possible effort.

The ripples caused by the boat's passage, slow though it was, spread far over the glassy surface of the bay before dying out at last. He saw the gig stop, and clearly over the water came the sound of Turner's voice as he spoke through his speaking-trumpet to the other boats. They jockeyed round into position awkwardly, like two beetles tied together with a thread, and then they paid out the sweep between them, manoeuvred awkwardly again for a moment as they laid themselves exactly upon the correct bearing. The oars began to swing rhythmically, slowly, like the pendulum of Fate, as the boats began to sweep the area ahead of them. Hornblower's heart beat faster despite himself.

Around him the ship was beginning her normal life. Amid the peculiar patter of bare feet on wooden planking—a sound unlike any other on earth—the watch below were bringing their hammocks to stow in the nettings. Swabs and holystones, buckets and pump; the hands not at work in the boats began the eternal daily routine of washing down the decks.

Not for the first time on the voyage, Hornblower found himself experiencing a momentary envy of the seamen at their work. Their problems were of the simplest, their doubts were minute. To holystone a portion of planking to the whiteness demanded by a petty officer, to swab it off, to swab it dry, working in amicable companionship with friends of long standing, dabbling their naked feet in the gush of clear water—that was all they had to do, as they had done for an infinity of mornings in the past and would do for an infinity of mornings in the future.

He would be glad to exchange with them his loneliness, his responsibility, the complexity of his problems; so he felt for a moment before he laughed at himself, knowing perfectly well he would be horrified if some freak of Fate forced such an exchange on him.

He turned away, changing the subject of his thoughts; a generous slice of fat pork, fried to a pale brown—there had been a leg in soak for him for the past two days, and the outside cut would not be too salt now. It would smell delicious—he could almost smell it at this very moment. Holy Jerusalem, unless it was still spluttering on his plate when it was put before him, despite the journey from galley to cabin, he'd make someone wish he had never been born! And he would have biscuit crumbs fried with it, and he would top it off with black treacle smeared on a biscuit, thick. That was a breakfast worth thinking about.

Hornblower stood with his purse in his hand, having taken it from his sea chest where it had lain in the inner compartment. He knew exactly how many guineas there were in it, and he was trying not to wish there were more. If he were a wealthy captain he would be generous towards his ship's company, and to the wardroom and gunroom. But as it was—he shook his head. He did not want to appear miserly or mean, but he certainly did not want to be foolish. He walked along to the wardroom door and paused there; Still caught his eye.

"Please come in, sir."

The other officers rose from their chairs; there was nowhere for them to sit unless they sat round the table in the tiny wardroom.

"I was hoping," said Hornblower to Carslake, the purser, "that you would be kind enough to make some purchases for me."

"Of course, sir. Honoured, I'm sure," said Carslake. He could say nothing else, in any case.

"A few chickens—half a dozen, say, and some eggs."

"Yes, sir."

"Is it the intention of the wardroom to buy fresh meat for itself?"

"Well, sir. . . ."

That had been the subject under discussion at his entrance.

"At this time of year there might be lambs to sell. I could have one—two young ones, if they're cheap. But an ox—what am I to do with a whole ox?"

EVERYONE in the wardroom had been up against this problem at some time or other.

"If the wardroom decides to buy an ox I would be glad to pay a quarter of the price," said Hornblower, and the wardroom cheered up perceptibly.

A captain who bought a share in an animal would always get the best cuts—that was in the course of nature. And they had all known captains who would pay no more than their share. But with five wardroom officers, Hornblower's offer was generous.

"Thank you very much, sir," said Carslake. "I think I can sell a couple of joints to the gunroom."

"On advantageous terms, I trust?" said Hornblower, with a grin.

"I expect so, sir," said Carslake, and then, changing the subject, "Mr. Turner says that it'll be goat here, mainly. Do you care for goat, sir?"

"Young kid, stewed with turnips and carrots," said Jones. "You can do worse than that, sir."

Jones's lantern-jawed face was alight with appetite. These grown men, continuously fed on preserved food, were like children at a gingerbread stall at a fair with the thought of fresh meat.

"Do what you can," said Hornblower. "I'll eat kid or lamb, or I'll share in an ox, as you find the market provides. You know what you're buying for the crew?"

"Yes, sir," said Carslake.

The penny-pinching clerks of a penurious government at home would scrutinize those expenditures in time. Nothing very generous could be bought for the hands.

"I don't know what vegetables we'll find, sir, at this time of year," went on Carslake. "Cabbage, anyway, I suppose."

"Nothing wrong with cabbage," interposed Jones.

"And there should be spinach, new carrots and cauliflower, too," said Carslake.

"They will do," said Hornblower. "But there won't be enough in the market for all we need, nor will there be until the word goes round the countryside. So much the better. Then we'll have an excuse to linger. You're going to interpret, Mr. Turner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Keep your eyes open. And your ears."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Mr. Jones, you will attend to the water casks, if you please."

"Aye aye, sir."

That was the transition between the social visit and the official issuing of orders.

"Carry on."

HORNBLOWER went to the bedside where McCullum lay. Sailcloth pillows supported him in a position half on his side. It was a comfort to see how comparatively well he looked. The fever and its accompanying distortion of thought had left him.

"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr. McCullum," said Hornblower.

"Well enough," answered McCullum. He croaked a little, but his speech was almost normal.

"A full night's sleep," said Eisenbeiss, hovering on the far side of the bed. He had already made his report to Hornblower—the wound showed every sign of healing, the sutures had not, at least yet, caused undue inflammation, and the draining where the bristle kept the wound in the back open had been satisfactory, apparently.

"And we've started a full morning's work," said Hornblower. "You have heard that we have located the wreck?"

"No. I had not heard that."

"It's located and buoyed," said Hornblower.

"Are you sure it is the wreck?" croaked McCullum. "I've known some queer mistakes made."

"It is exactly where the bearings were taken when she sank," said Hornblower. "It is the right size as far as the sweep can show. And no other obstructions were found by the sweep, either. The bottom here is firm sand, as I expect you know."

"It sounds plausible," said McCullum grudgingly. "I could have wished I'd had the direction of the sweeping, nevertheless."

"You must trust me, Mr. McCullum," said Hornblower patiently.

"'Tis little that I know about you and your capabilities," answered McCullum.

Hornblower, swallowing his irritation at that remark, wondered how McCullum had managed to live so long without previously being shot in a duel.

"I presume the next thing to do is to send your divers down to report on the condition of the wreck," he said, trying to be both firm and polite.

"Undoubtedly that will be the first thing I do as soon as I am allowed out of this bed," said McCullum.

Hornblower knew there was a fair chance that McCullum would never rise from his bed.

"Mr. McCullum," he said, "this is an urgent matter. Once the Turks get wind of what we want to do, and can

Electric Appliances shown in this kitchen include cooker, washing machine, refrigerator, kettle, mixer and radio. Others which you don't see are fluorescent lighting, coffee percolator, a water heater (hidden in the cupboard under the draining-board) a clock and an ironer. Many of these can be bought on the most attractive HP terms: your Electricity Service Centre will be glad to give you details.

DOCTOR'S-EYE-VIEW OF A SENSIBLE KITCHEN

"It must be Electric all through"

Making us well is only half the Doctor's job. The other half, the prevention which is better than cure, is STOPPING US FROM BEING ILL *OR* GETTING HURT.

The Doctor likes to see us living in conditions which will safeguard and protect our health. What, then, does he like so specially about this kitchen? Why must it be "electric all through"?

THERE IS nothing quite as *clean* as electricity. It burns without a flame; there is no soot to collect, no smoke to begrime your walls and utensils, no heady fumes to start you coughing.

Electricity is not only cleaner to use, but easier. It is automatic: you don't have to venture outdoors last thing at night to fetch it in; you don't have to rake it out, or carry away its ashes in the chill of early morning. You can forget about it.

The electric water-heater, for example, can be tucked away out of sight. Our designer has put it in "waste space" under the draining-board, and chosen one of the dual-element type, which, although it has a large capacity, can also heat water in small quantities. This makes it very economical to run.

When it comes to washing clothes, linen and sheets, the electric washer does it all, cheaply and automatically. It saves you from exactly that sort of bending-and-straining effort which many women find so harmful; and it saves constant wetting of the hands — a potent cause of skin complaints.

Now for food: in the electric refrigerator there is no 'bad keeping weather'—everything stays fresh and sweet all the time. The latest types have frozen food lockers so that you can always keep a stock of out-of-season delicacies for those odd occasions when you need them, or for special treats.

For people who have never tried it, electric cooking is an exciting and completely new experience. It is automatic: you just pop the food into the oven, and leave it; the thermostat takes over until it is done.

Electric cooking definitely helps to get the most good from your food; and when you get your bills you'll see how much money you have saved.

* * * * *

IN GENERAL, the electric kitchen pleases the Doctor for three reasons. The first of these is spotless, speckless cleanliness. The second is that electricity can save women so much hard work and drudgery. Look at the tonic advertisements in any women's magazine, and you can see that fatigue and overwork are a real problem nowadays — as, indeed, you must know for yourself already!

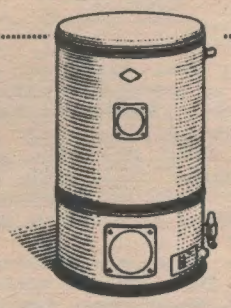
The third thing that the Doctor likes about the electric kitchen is that it is not "accident-prone" — and the number of accidents that happen in kitchens every year would amaze you. In the simple fuse, electricity has its own automatic safety-system. The blown fuse *shuts off the power* if anything should go out of order. And, once again, electricity has no flame, no fumes. Electricity is very, very *safe*.

* * * * *

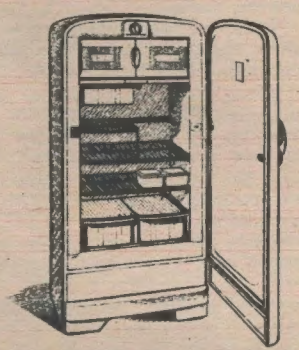
JUST AS you can worry yourself into a sickbed, so a morale that's "on the up-and-up" is essential if you are going to be really well. The wholesome, light, and airy electric kitchen definitely helps to give you this. It is, in every way, "just what the Doctor ordered"!

Some of the Apparatus of Preventive Medicine

as our Kitchen-Conscious Doctor sees it



ELECTRIC WATER HEATER
Health comes from cleanliness. Cleanliness comes from hot water. Hot water comes from this electric heater under the draining-board.



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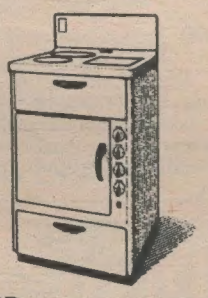

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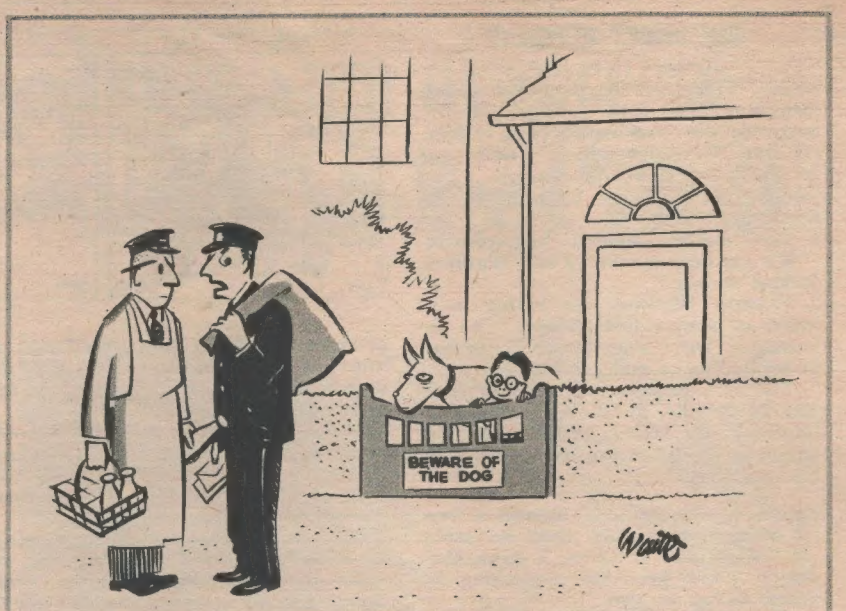


"The dog's not too bad, but watch out for the child"

assemble sufficient force to stop us, we will never be allowed to conduct salvage operations here. It is of the first importance that we get to work as quickly as we can. I was hoping that you would instruct your divers in their duties so that they could start now, immediately."

"So that is what you were thinking, is it?" said McCullum.

It took some minutes of patient argument to wear McCullum down, and the grudging agreement that he gave was tempered by an immediate pointing out of the difficulties.

"That water's mortal cold," said McCullum.

"I'm afraid so," answered Hornblower, "but we have always expected that."

"The Eastern Mediterranean in March is nothing like the Bay of Bengal in summer. My men won't stand it for long."

It was a great advance that McCullum should admit that they might stand it at all.

"If they work for short intervals?" suggested Hornblower.

"Aye. Seventeen fathoms beside the wreck?"

"Seventeen fathoms all round it," said Hornblower.

"They can't work for long at that depth, in any case. Five dives a day will be all. Then they bleed at the nose and ears. They'll need lines and weights — nine-pounder shot will serve."

"I'll have them got ready," said Hornblower.

Hornblower stood by while McCullum addressed his divers. He could guess at the point of some of the speeches. One of the divers was raising objections; it was clear, when he clasped his arms about his chest and shuddered dramatically with a rolling of his pathetic dark eyes, what he was saying. All three of them talked at once for a space in their twittering language.

A STERNER note came into McCullum's voice when he replied, and he indicated Hornblower with a gesture, directing all eyes to him for a moment. All three clung to each other and shrank away from him like frightened children. McCullum went on speaking, energetically—Eisenbeiss leaned over him and restrained the left hand that gesticulated; the right was strapped into immobility against McCullum's chest.

"Do not move," said Eisenbeiss. "We shall have an inflammation."

McCullum had winced more than once after an incautious movement, and his appearance of well-being changed quickly to one of fatigue.

"They'll start now," he said at length, his head back on his pillow. "You can take 'em. Looney, here—that's what I call him—will be in charge. I've told 'em there are no sharks. Generally when one of 'em's down at the bottom the other two pray against sharks—they're all three of 'em shark doctors. A good thing they've seen men flogged on board here. I promised 'em you'd give 'em a taste of the cat if there was any nonsense."

Hornblower had seen very plainly what the reactions of these twittering, bird-like creatures had been to that horror.

"Take 'em away," said McCullum, lying back on his pillow.

With longboat and launch over at the far side of the bay for stores and water, only the gig and the tiny jolly boat were available. The gig was uncomfortably crowded but it served, with six hands at the oars, Hornblower and Leadbitter in the stern—Hornblower felt he could not possibly endure not taking part in this first essay—and the Ceylonese crowded into the bows.

HORNBLOWER had formed a shrewd notion about the extent of McCullum's ability to speak the divers' language. He made his points, Hornblower guessed, with a few nouns and verbs and some energetic gestures.

McCullum's command of the Ceylonese tongue could not compare with Hornblower's Spanish, nor even with his French. Hornblower felt a sense of grievance about that, as he sat with his hand on the tiller and steered the gig over the dancing water.

They reached the first of the buoys —a plank wallowing among the wavelets at the end of its line—and Hornblower stood to identify the others. A stroke or two of the oars carried the gig into the centre of the area, and Hornblower looked down the boat to where the divers huddled together.

"Looney," he said.

Now that he had been paying special attention to them he could distinguish each of the three divers from the others.

"Looney," said Hornblower again.

Looney rose to his feet and dropped the grapnel over the side. It went down fast, taking out the coiled-down line rapidly over the gunwale. Slowly Looney took off his clothes until he stood naked. He sat himself on the gunwale and swung his legs over. As his feet felt the cold of the water he cried out.

"Shall I give 'im a shove, sir?" asked the hand at the bow oar.

"No," said Hornblower.

Looney was sitting systematically inflating and deflating his chest, inhaling as deeply as he could, forcing air into his lungs. Hornblower could see how widely the ribs moved at each breath. One of the other two Ceylonese put a cannon-ball into Looney's hands, and he clasped it to his naked chest. Then he let himself slip from the gunwale and disappeared below the surface, leaving the gig rocking violently.

To be continued next week

THE SWEET REPRIEVE

Continued from page 19

turned to the warden, who was sitting behind a desk with a large coal fire warming the considerable back of him. To him the major said: "You've got a real asset here, Mr. Oakes. You should get someone to preserve his knowledge."

The warden nodded benevolently. "We are very careful of Mr. Watkins, indeed we are."

William Watkins felt rather awkward at being called "Mister" by the warden. Only from Major Jones had it seemed right and proper.

The warden stood up and beckoned the old thatcher to take a seat. William Watkins sat down rather carefully, afraid of the humming, deep springs of the cushions.

THE warden handed around a box of cigarettes, and then he said: "Well, Mr. Watkins, I think that Major Jones here has something he wants to say to you."

The major nodded. "As you know, Mr. Watkins, thatchers are rather scarce in these days. If you hadn't done my pigeon-house, I don't suppose I'd have heard about your skill." He paused. "Have you heard of St. Peter's Church in the parish of Llanymaen?"

William Watkins tried to clear his old mind of memories and recollections. After a half-minute, he said: "Why, yes indeed, that is a church over the mountains. A thatched church, one of the last in Wales, so my father used to tell me."

"He was a thatcher, too, wasn't he?"

"He was, sir. He thatched over ten thousand acres of roof before he died."

"A fine record. Well, have you recently seen St. Peter's Church?"

"Can't say as I have, sir."

"The thatch there is getting into a bad way. Your father was the last man to do it, and he made a wonderful job of it. But no thatch will last for ever, and it's getting rotten. It's breeding a lot of insects, and the rain is getting in."

The warden nodded from across the desk as if he was an expert on such matters.

All that William Watkins said was, "Oh, indeed?"

The major rubbed his hands together rather anxiously. "Yes, Mr. Watkins, we were discussing the matter at the ruridecanal council the other night and we felt that we must get a new roof. It'll have to be a thatched one of course. Slate or tiles would cost a mint of money in these days, and no diocese has a lot of money to spare for building work."

Major Jones paused, then leaned forward. "Will you, Mr. Watkins, undertake this work for us? It is the wish of the rector of St. Peter's that I come to see you, and ask you."

There was a tense excitement coming to William Watkins. He felt now as when the peace had so often been declared in his lifetime: that he should stand up and shout "Hooray," and then cry. But all he said was, "Yes sir, I will thatch St. Peter's Church."

"Good man!" The major turned to the warden. "Mr. Oakes here has said that it will be all in order for you to do the work."

"But where shall I sleep, sir? And where shall I keep my straw and my materials?"

"I have a keeper's hut which has a bunk in it, and heating and cooking installed also. I'll have this taken by my jeep to a corner of the churchyard at Llanymaen, Mr. Watkins."

"And my tools, sir, and my straw? It will need a lot to cover that church."

"I have an old canvas marquee which we used at one time for shooting lunches. I'll send this along also. It leaks pretty badly, but we shall be able to repair it with roofing felt."

The major stood up. The warden did the same, and said, "I have all the tools of Mr. Watkins safely locked away. I'll get them put into your shooting-brake, Major."

"Thanks. When can you start work, Mr. Watkins?"

"When I have straw, sir."

"Plenty of it up at my farm."

"Rye straw, sir?"

"No, just wheat. It'll do, I suppose?"

"Rye would be best, sir, but if I put it on closely it will last as long."

"Good. Can you start today? You'll have to strip off the old thatch for a beginning."

"Yes sir, but there's still one thing on my mind. How about my food?"

"I am getting a large stock put into the keeper's hut for you, together with a kettle and pans."

Mr. Oakes, the warden, gave a careful laugh. "You really are a very great asset to the ecclesiastical authorities, Major, and to the countryside."

The major was buttoning up his coat. He ignored the warden. "Come along, Mr. Watkins. Get your things from your room and then you can have lunch with me and I'll take you over to Llanymaen." Then to the warden he said, "And we'll take the tools, too."

In a sort of daze at all this attention and kindness, William Watkins went with the major. A whole church to thatch; it would take months and would be like working on the roof of heaven itself.

With a great satisfaction clearing away the mists from his mind and the darkness from the inside of him, William Watkins started on this work, the most noble task which he had ever done in his lifetime. Major Jones, as he had promised, provided the straw and the hut and the marquee. And he stocked up the shelves of the hut with soups and tinned meat, and each week he sent one of his men with fresh bread and clean laundry. Each day milk was delivered from the local rectory and the rector of St. Peter's himself often came to speak a few kind words to the old thatcher.

IT was all noble experience to the old man. He found strength and suppleness in his body so that he could climb about the roof and prepare the thatch. All that winter he worked at stripping the old straw away and burning it, so that no insects or grubs should haunt the churchyard and be ready to live in the new thatch. With the fine weather of the following spring, he started to put upon the old oak foundation boards the new roof.

When the work was halfway through, Major Jones came one day to climb upon the roof to see some of the old horse-and-saddle beams which formed the timberwork of the church. Up there, on a hot August day, William Watkins and Major Jones sat on the peak of the roof. There was a haze about the tops of the mountains, blue, and giving a mystery to the prospect. They could see an old-fashioned farm with its corn stooked in rows. And down in the churchyard were the colours of flowers on new graves. Up above was the clock with golden letters, and the weathercock with a silver tail. Up here, as equals above a building which they both loved, the major and the old thatcher began to talk.

Major Jones pulled a little thread of straw from one of the top strands of the thatch. He made a golden ring of it around a first finger and looked at it, as might a lady at some new jewel or a ring of promise.

"I don't know what this church would have done without you, Mr. Watkins."

The old thatcher had taken the leather cushions from off the points of his knees and was swinging them in the sunlight, watching the scything shadow made on the even areas of the finished thatch.

"It is that with this sort of cap for a roof, it needed one of the old ones like me, sir, to be the tailor."

"If you hadn't done my pigeon-house I might never have known about you. You never advertised in the local paper or anything like that, did you?"

William Watkins shook his head and watched a swallow, blue on the silver tail of the weathercock. "There was never any need, sir, in the old days."

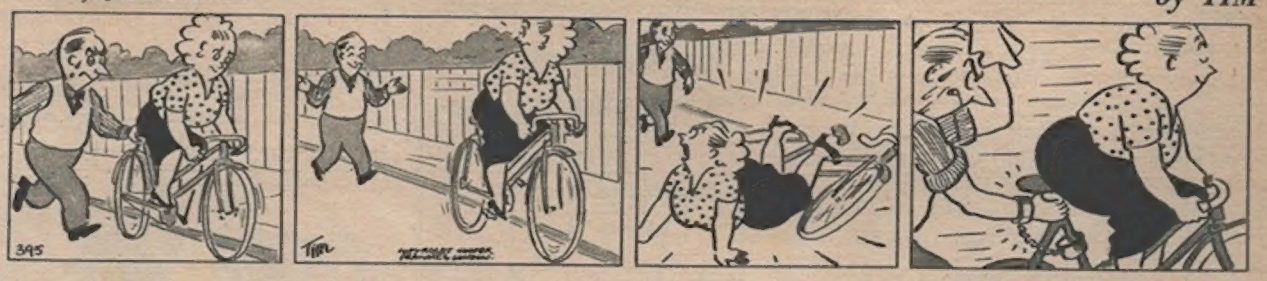
"I'm glad I found you, anyway, Mr. Watkins. I'd have hated to see this church going to ruin."

"Tell me sir, tell me, why are you so attached to this old building? It is not the church of our parish, and so why do you bother about this place sixteen miles away?"

"It's that I love churches the way some people love pictures and beautiful

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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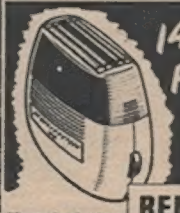

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furniture, Mr. Watkins. I hate to see them going into decay."

"Why, sir, I thought perhaps it was something to do with your being a good man?"

"Well, am I a good man?"

Major Jones turned to Watkins with a sudden smile and his fingers threw the strand of straw away to the ivy tombstones far below the slant of the roof.

William Watkins gave a slow nod of his head. "I think you are a gentleman, sir. One of the old sort."

That seemed to please the young major. He said, "When you've finished the job, Mr. Watkins, we must see that you don't have to go back to the home. You're too good a man for that. I happen to know the director of the newly formed Rural Industries Bureau for the county. I'm sure that he can find you some post as an instructor or demonstrator. Would you take such a job, Mr. Watkins?"

"I would, sir. I am tired of the hot air and the good food of the home."

"Good man, that's excellent. There's a great swing of the pendulum these days. There's an official interest in sponsoring all the old rural crafts. They're trying to preserve them before it's too late."

MAJOR JONES was looking ahead of him as he spoke. Then, hearing a quiet groan from the old man at the side of him, he turned sideways quickly on the high ridge of the roof.

William Watkins was beginning to sway in the sunshine. He was sitting astride the peak timbers and it was from there that he quietly fell backwards into the arms of the major.

"Steady, Mr. Watkins. I expect you've had a touch of the sun," said the major, and he kept the old man balanced on the ridge.

Then he picked up William Watkins as if he were a child and slowly carried him down the sloping ladders to the earth of the churchyard. He laid him on one of the old, flat tombstones. The cold of the stone seemed to revive the old man and he sat up sharply with a grunt of annoyance.

"What are you doing to me?"

"You fainted in the heat up there and I've brought you down to safety."

William Watkins sat quite upright then and swung his legs on to the long yellow grass in the shadow of the stone. And then he stood, and walked steadily towards the ladder which went up to the roof. He started to climb towards the blue sky. Down below, the major anxiously watched him, afraid that he might fall again.

But the old thatcher went on towards the eaves and the ridges of St. Peter's Church. It was only when he had reached the level of the straw that he paused, and looked down, and called, "I think I was dying then, sir, but I had a sort of miracle happen to me."

Major Jones shouted back, his voice given an echo by the old wall of the church. "I expect it was only a matter of determination, Mr. Watkins."

The old man shook his head vigorously. "Oh no, sir, it was that I have been spared to finish the work, this special work."

"I expect it was the sun's heat, Mr. Watkins. When I carried you down, the cold of the stone brought you round. That and your determination to finish the job probably made you feel well enough to go back on the roof."

William Watkins just smiled serenely and started to lay the lengths of thatch once again. He could fully understand how even a young gentleman who loved churches just had to apply commonsense to all that happened in life, be it an inch from birth or a minute from death.

William Watkins, who had lived his years in the loneliness between earth and sky, knew better. He understood truly the privilege of his second nativity, for he had suffered one death already; and had known an eternity marked out by dominoes, a concert, and the coming of a collector of ballads.

THE END

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 21, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,910 result.)

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THIS WAY TO WIN First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two*, *three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 860**

1. Kiddy rude to his mother shouldn't be surprised if she is this
3. 't may eventually lead to arrest of thief
6. Builder's foreman wouldn't put one on, if he could help it
7. Not often are men to be seen preparing place for putting in these
9. You're lucky if one is enough to stop cat's nocturnal love song
12. Wise young men are wary about girls who do this
14. Very often plays part in stage productions
15. Many an artist's model finds it very hard to keep this

Down Clues

2. Work coming in at last minute usually makes typist do this
3. There are some astonishingly hard ones
4. Barrel of this should be pretty strong
5. Today there's a big fight for such sales in the mineral water market
8. May easily put a man off his bacon and eggs
10. Fine one may belong to a ring
11. One suspects that nudists are often
13. This is one way boss may have of commending a man's good work

XWORD 857 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Wench. 4. Vogue. 8. Rush. 10, Past. 11, Rooks. 12, River. 13. Sated. 14. Pew. DOWN: 1, Waiter. 2, Loose. 3. Punch. 5. Lay. 6. Aid. 7. Pep. 9, Snout.

FIVE £100 SHARERS: P. Armstrong, 14 Ashchurch Park Villas, London, W.12; Miss C. M. Day, 10 Ryde Place, Lee-on-Solent; Miss T. J. McLaughlin, 30 Prospect Place, Preston, Lancs; Miss E. Newby, 33 Diamond Street, Shildon; A. F. Smith, 1 Summercrofts Avenue, New Holland.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 62 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,910 (or Xword 860), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, (Comp.)

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EXAMPLE ..... 6d.
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B. .....
EX. ..... 6d.
B. .....
EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B. .....

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1,910 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 9

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£750 XWORD

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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Puzzle and form strictly copyright **860** Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 16

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Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues =8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues=16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Nov. 28.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry needing not more than 8s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

Another £750 Xword coupon for this Contest in next week's issue.

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